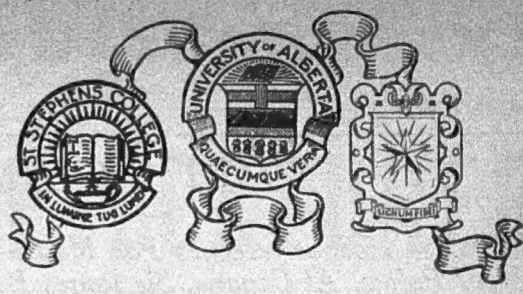


The Gateway



A Merry Christmas

1931

VOL. XXII, No. 11.

TEN PAGES

Yuletide Greetings From Dr. Wallace

Mr. Dooley once described Charles W. Eliot, then retired from Harvard University, as a freshman entering the "celebrated university of the wicked wurruld." "Charles seems to me," he said, "to be the normal healthy boy. He does exactly what all freshmen in our university do when they enter. He tells people what books they should read, and he invents a new religion. Ivory well-ordered la-ad has to get these things out of his system at wanst." In discussing his "new religion" Eliot had written: "The work of the world must be done: and the great question is, shall it be done happily or unhappily. Much of it is today done unhappily. The new religion will contribute powerfully towards the reduction of the mass of unnecessary misery, and will do so chiefly by promoting goodwill among men."



But, after all, this is the old religion wisely interpreted. At a time when strain and anxiety and distress bear heavily on men and women the world over, there is a renewed desire to "promote goodwill among men." May the Christmas season be to all of you a real breathing space of happiness and joy: may you make others very happy: and may there be a carry over far into the New Year.

A Merry Christmas!

ROBT. C. WALLACE.

The Retiring Editor's Thanks

This Christmas Number of The Gateway follows the last issue to be published under my guidance, and it is fitting that it should contain, in addition to my best wishes to Gateway readers as a whole for the immediate Christmas and the New Year, some indication of my gratitude to those who have assisted me during my occupation of the Editor-in-Chief's position.

Grateful acknowledgment is certainly due the staff of The Gateway for the efficiency and willingness to help which have been displayed during the first and most difficult period of the publishing term. In thanking the staff members for their support, I ask that their generous donations of time and service be extended to my successor (yet to be appointed).

To the Students' Council I repeat my thanks for genuine co-operation in lightening the editorial burden. That co-operation has been by no means a small contribution.

Finally, I should like to indicate and acknowledge the highly appreciated freedom given The Gateway this year, as in previous years, by Dr. Wallace, President of the University. The student body is, I think, lacking in comprehension of the President's attitude towards The Gateway; it seems not at all out of place to inform them of his consistent policy of non-interference with the editorial direction of the paper. It is quite conceivable that the entrance of marked licentious or libellous matter into The Gateway might result in the President taking the necessary steps to remove an offending Editor or Editors: such a procedure would occasion heartiest approval. What should be stressed, then, is the freedom given the paper's Editors in all other matters—a freedom by no means characteristic of all university newspapers.

While it is true that the editorship of The Gateway means a very heavy sacrifice of time and energy during the term in office, it is doubtful whether any retiring Editor has left his position without regret; the office means much to its holder from more than one standpoint. Despite these considerations, I have felt for some time that my academic work would suffer if I were to continue as Editor, and that the probable result could hold little good for either myself or The Gateway. By my resignation, therefore, I feel that the paper will gain much more than it will lose.

Once more: the best wishes of the season.

G. N. ILES,

Retiring Editor, The Gateway.

ONE CHRISTMAS DAY

By H. G.

The last pure note of a violin died tremulously away, to be followed by the harsh scraping of a gramophone needle. It was this latter sound which brought the man to his feet. He had been sitting for some time absorbed in a deep reverie. Now with a quick stride he crossed the room and shut off the instrument, then stood for a moment looking out the little window over the snowy prairie already blurred by the early dusk. Christmas eve! Even here one could not escape the fact. Christmas tomorrow. Only five years since this had been for him as well as all the other fools a season to be anticipated, enjoyed, remembered. Since then, five Christmas days had passed, each dulling a little the hurt of That Day. It had almost slipped from the pale of remembered things, only returning more and more rarely, in moments—like this. With a physical shrug he tried to shake off this mood and don his armor of cynicism which protected him from these shafts of remembrance. What was this modern Christmas anyway? What did it hold for, say, the shop girl, smiling her weary but patient smile at fussy, harassed customers, longing for the moment when she might leave this Christmas-mad mob and creep to her chilly room where she would probably cry herself to sleep from fatigue and loneliness. What did it mean to all those bored recipients of useless, expensive gifts, for ragged shivering tots with red, roughened little hands and hungry eyes, gazing covetously in toyshop windows. Hungry hearts mocked by empty show and hollow laughter, poverty by discontented satiety. That was all it meant. He turned abruptly from the window, took a lantern and pail and went out.

He had always liked the "byre". There was no sham there. Perhaps that was why the Child was born there, on just such a star-clear night hundreds of years ago. Children of today had forgotten Him, though. They thought only of Santa Claus. The mechanical motion of the hands, the rhythmical swish of the milk in the pail, made milking a soothing task. Here among his mild beasts his veneer of cynicism disappeared. For a time he was a boy, his thoughts those of youth—dreams and a vague yearning.

By the time he had finished, the moon had risen, silvering the snow and making the frosted trees fairy-like. "Mustn't run opposition to old Luna," he thought whimsically and turned the lantern out. As he approached the house he became aware of a white face shadowed by a dusky scarf. It was a mother holding a child. The whimsical mood was still on him. Very fitting upon Christmas eve to find a madonna upon one's doorstep. Raphael would probably have painted her and called the picture Madonna of the Doorstep. The woman rose, spoke . . .

A roaring fire blazed in the little

(Continued on Page 6)

VARSITY BALL

The Calgary branch of the University of Alberta's Alumni association announces the Fifth Annual Ball to be held in the dining room of the Palliser hotel on December 30. Tickets are four dollars a couple and may be obtained from Mark McClung, 315 Athabasca.

THAT CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Why is it that this time of the year so many people whom we scarcely even think of at other times seem to develop a claim on us? The list of people who "must be remembered" is really alarming. The reasons why they must be remembered are many and various; but in very few cases is the reason found to be that one which should lie behind all giving: the fact that we want to give for the sake of bringing joy to someone whose happiness means a great deal to us. If we think over our Christmas gifts, we realize that there is probably only one in twenty that we really enjoy giving—the rest are duty gifts. There is the old lady whom we met several years ago in the summer holidays and since then she has remembered us at Christmas—this year we must not forget to "remember" her in case she does it again and catches us by surprise as before. We won't send her much: "Just some little thing, you know, something that will give her pleasure," even though we have never yet found any use for the little things she has sent us. It is these little things that take the joy out of Christmas shopping and make one tired, weary of elbowing through the crowd—the little things, too, surprisingly, take the money out of one's purse.

Then there are the people you boarded with last year—you really mustn't forget them—they must be remembered and so you spend fifty cents and hope and pray that they won't remember you a dollar's worth. Last year when you were staying there, you remembered the lady of

the house to the extent of one dollar and nineteen cents to be exact and thought that you were doing the correct thing—but on Christmas morning you found that the whole family had remembered you, each one presenting you with some article that you had seen advertised down town as "Gifts for \$1.00," "Gifts for \$1.95." You thought of the dollar and nineteen cents that you had spent on the lady of the house and you felt that the only thing you could do was to have your meals out, for a week at least, and try to balance things that way. What is to be done about that family this year? Better remember them and be on the safe side—they will probably forget you, but you will have settled last year's debt.

The stores enter into this aspect of Christmas giving wonderfully—the managers seem to know what it is to have acquaintances that "must

(Continued on page 6)

NOTICE RE GATEWAY STAFF

Owing to the illness of Albert M. Cairns, newly appointed editor-in-chief, the Christmas issue has been published under the direction of an editorial board composed of Lawrence Alexander, Noel Iles and Christopher Jackson. Wilbur Bowker is make-up editor in charge of this issue. Ruth Bowen has recently been appointed as assistant women's editor of the Gateway, and Helen Kirkland as assistant make-up editor.

POT POURRI

This week Hodnut receives Fan Mail,—Rudy Vallee, a Chief of Police, Al Capone, Sir James Barrie, Journalism, Jos. Anderson, Jos. Hergesheimer, Leigh Hunt and Franklin P. Adams are discussed.

By Percival Hodnut

We have Arrived, we have Made Good—and we have received acknowledgment before leaving this sphere for ever. S'nice.

Some Electric Fan-Mail

Shortly after the appearance of The Gateway issue preceding this one, a large, flat parcel directed to Mr. Percival Hodnut arrived at the office of the paper. With bated breath, trembling hands and a pair of scissors, Mr. Hodnut hurriedly waded through several yards of tinsel, ribbon and colored paper (to say nothing of cardboard padding), and finally drew forth a letter and—a photograph of Lily Damita! Apparently, our tears shed over this lady in the previous "Pot Pourri" had aroused a compassion not to be concealed and one carrying a more practical import than some compassions we have aroused. And the letter . . . such a nice letter . . .

Purrsia Gets a Break

Our correspondent ("Ardent Admirer"), seemingly a young lady—a lady, at least—of perception and possessing a sense of what is the decent thing to do, informed us that her newest Persian kitten had been honored by bestowal upon it of the name Percival Hodnut—or perhaps the honor goes to us. Reproduction of the lady's letter is impossible, we regret to say: our secretary for the handling of the Hodnut fan mail mislaid the daintily-perfumed missive a day or two ago. However, we have indicated the tenor (or soprano, in this case) of the communication and our gratification on receiving it. We would stress that gratification: our bottom-of-the-heart-emanating thanks, dear lady.

Now we begin our comments on the sayings and doings of anybody, anywhere.

You're Infra Dig, Rudy

Mrs. Vallee's more or less well-known son receives one of our series of digs specially reserved for him: Rudy is said to have stated recently that "Those who will not be interested in me after my marriage will be insignificant in number."

Is it nasty of us, we wonder, to offer Mr. Vallee our regrets that he infers a significant majority has been interested in him before his marriage? You see, we are cynical in regard to Mr. Vallee's popularity. Of course, Rudy, there is always the insignificant majority (or is it the insignificant significant majority?). Possibly the crooner meant this portion of the American people—that is to say, of the United States, Canadian, Cuban, Mexican and South American people.

Police Stop Him, Mister

We once hoped that the chief-of-police father-in-law would stop Mr.

Vallee's little antics, but our hope has died. Apparently, the arm of the law isn't strong enough. Al Capone may hear Rudy sometime, however. We hope so.

Do Talk Sense, Audax

"It is typical of Sir James Barrie's retiring nature," says Audax, "that he has his telephone number entered in the directory under the name of his butler."

But, Audax, old man, aren't you being just a little ridiculous, just a little Modern-Biographical? There are numerous great people who, while loving publicity, evade annoyance by Sir James' subterfuge, or who go even further, and do not list their numbers at all. (It's done even in Edmonton, we might say.)

A Shrew-d Liking

"E. P. A.", in a book of patriotic poems called "Christopher Columbus," presents this for the approval of those imbued with the journalism bug:

Journalism's a shrew and scold;

I like her.

She makes you sick, she makes you old;

I like her.

She's daily trouble, storm and strife;

She's love and hate and death and life;

She ain't no lady—she's my wife;

I like her.

Percival Hodnut likes her, too, but she ain't his wife; illicit love or worship from afar—which?

Addison to Your List

Going "away back when," we find Joseph Addison saying "There's not so variable a thing in Nature as a lady's dress." With all due respect for the illustrious Joe, we submit that the last five letters in the epigram are superfluous.

Beauty: Pro and Con

Larry Pro (baseball writer): "Yes, boys, all women are beautiful, only God spent more time on some." To which we add, that those on whom the most time was spent are continuing the process, not with noticeable improvement. But, being a man, perhaps we are jealous.

Now, Now, Hergie!

Joseph Hergesheimer: "Nobody writes if they have had a happy childhood." Page Dr. Freud. No doubt the world's literary humorists but substituted fun in writing for that happiness missed in childhood. Where do the serious folk come in?—they were those who were not able to laugh in later life, probably. Still, many writers have led lives which were exceptions to the rule Mr. Hergesheimer has laid down—in childhood, in middle and old age.

But Hergie was just fooling, of course.

Adams is (A)Freud of Freud

Speaking of Dr. Freud, we have noted two poems which appeared in succession in the "Golden Book Magazine" issues of the last two months, and reproduce them below. You'll like them.

The first comes from the pen of the well-known Leigh Hunt:

Jenny Kissed Me

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief! who loves to get
Sweets into your list, put that in:
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have
missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me.

This proved too much for the sense of humor of Franklin P. Adams, who

Your Solution

You may worry about the solution of a good many problems.

Your footwear problems are largely solved if

LAMB BROS.

do your shoe work.

Lamb Bros.

Cor. 105th St. and Jasper

PHONE 22235

We call for and deliver

COLLEGE CAPRICES

By W. A. C.

(Note: This is the third of a series of articles on peculiar customs of Canadian universities, compiled with the aid of students who spend their summer at Jasper Park Lodge. The correspondent here is Margaret Dorman, news editor of the Dalhousie Gazette.)

Dalhousie

Dalhousie university is unique not so much in student customs as in its constitution and regulations. It is unique in that it has neither government nor support. All chairs have been endowed by friends of the university and the college is maintained by grants and endowments.

There are no separate colleges in the university as in most others. This may seem rather as in contradiction to those who know the University of Dalhousie proper, and King's college, but there is a difference between their union and an ordinary affiliation. Each is called a university, each has its own president and separate faculty, yet there is a definite link, for Dalhousie grants all the degrees for both universities. Moreover, the requirements for classes and degrees are identical, indeed, students of both take many classes together. In the matter of government both official and student, the two are quite distinct.

Three classes of both bachelor degrees are given, according to the type of work done and the number of the courses taken. The simplest and easiest obtained is the "Pass Degree" for which a minimum number of units are set. The second, the degree "With Distinction," is given when a high mark is obtained in special exams set for those who desire to take them. Of course, a high standing in certain designated subjects is a prerequisite to the writing

sat down (we think he sat down) to write:

Post-Freud

Jenny kissed me in a dream;

So did Elsie, Lucy, Cora,

Alice, Adelaide and Dora,

Bessie, Gwendolyn, Eupheme.

Say of honor I'm devoted,

Say monogamy has missed me;

But don't say to Dr. Freud,

Jenny kissed me.

This appears to be a good place to end the Christmas edition of "Pot Pourri." Let us warn you: we may be back.

RUFFLES

By C.

Femininity is coming into its own again. After having been a boy for some ten or twelve years, her ladyship has decided to be feminine once more, and apparently to be it with a vengeance. Frills and ruffles and lace. Two years ago they were unheard of by the younger generation, and only spoken of by the older members of society as some remembrance of the days gone by, something symbolic of woman's former slavery—so happily shaken off. How we all congratulated ourselves—just that woman was being sensible at last, and would never, never go back two years ago! How we all declared to her absurd hampering skirts, to her ruffles and lace and frills. How sure we were—just two years ago, "short hair," we said, "has come to stay. Modern woman (how we prided ourselves on that word modern)—modern woman will never go back to long hair, to have pins and hair-nets and all the attendant bother and waste of time. Never again will she sacrifice comfort to convention as her mother and grandmother did." Today, modern woman struggles incessantly with her hair, coaxes it, fosters it, care for it, in order to get it to that length where she may once more pin it up with the despised hair-pins. Long skirts, just two years ago, "such a nuisance," "so uncomfortable," "so impracticable," have become "so feminine," "so graceful," "so dignified," and even "so much less trouble." What a fickle creature is woman, after all!

What Turn is This Going to Take. But the question remains: what is woman going to do with this newly-recovered femininity? Or rather, what is it going to do with her? Does this change in styles mean that woman is going to give up her freedom—that freedom which she fought so hard to win, and which is still such a novel possession? The current of the talk of a few years ago certainly seemed to indicate the opinion that a return to the old styles would bring a return to the old slavery. If this is the case, is woman giving up all that for which she has struggled so long, just because she is for the moment tired of being a boy, and wants to follow the whim of being a woman again? Or does this revolt in fashions and manners indicate a more fundamental revolt, an admission that she does not really want, or cannot handle her new freedom? An admission that Milton was right when he said, "He for God only, she for God in him"? We hope not.

Woman's Old Right

Or is this change in fashions merely something superficial, transient only, a change of mind to which woman has an old and undisputed right. We hope so. If this is the case, then she will carry with her into whatever career she chooses her long hair, her sweeping skirts, her frills and ruffles and lace. She will prove that woman can wear whatever she likes, boyish or feminine, and still keep her new position of equality and freedom. She will prove that woman does not need to ape man in order to be man's equal and have man's freedom, but that she can be openly and avowedly a woman, and still be an intelligent being, a rational creature, with a mind just as capable and intelligent as she ever had when she wore boyish clothes.

WHERE'S THE FIRE?

During the past year or two there has been a hue-and-cry throughout Canada to Canadianize the citizens of this country; to reduce the men and women to a certain type, which these enthusiasts fondly imagine, constitutes an ideal. They would have everybody think the same thoughts, have the same ideals, hold the same religious views, and from this uniformity in thought and action they would manufacture a glorious nationality. Their activities have in particular been directed against those people who have made Canada their home, but were born in other countries. They would have these people forget the land of their birth, its language, its traditions, and immediately become saturated with and subservient to the customs of the land of their adoption.

Nationality is not manufactured—it is the evolution of many generations—you can't mature wine by placing it in a bottle with a predated label. Nor can you hope in this way to manufacture a nation. History is replete with cases of great nations who have tried to force their civilization, their standards of living, on other peoples, and who have failed miserably in the attempt. A present day example of the extraordinary effects of this so-called nationalization is evident to the south of us, and

of special exams. The third is the degree "cum laude," or honor degree, which is gained by taking an honor course, involving an extra year and special exams.

There are not very many buildings on the campus, but it is notable that all the facilities for the medical school are part of the school itself. These include five hospitals, a clinic and provincial pathological laboratories and are all on or near the campus. In that regard, we are not so badly off here, having the university and Soldiers' hospitals, the Provincial Red Cross hospital and the Pathology laboratory right at hand. "Dal" hasn't much on Alberta that way.

The Provincial Archives are also on the grounds, but to balance that, we have here the Provincial Industrial laboratories.

Dalhousie has only two annual holidays, Remembrance day and Founders' day. It is only natural that the second is observed, since the original conception of the university was the work of one man chiefly. He was the Rt. Hon. George Ramsay, ninth earl of Dalhousie.

In sports Dalhousie shows the old country influence considerably. Canadian and American rugby is unknown; English "rugger," with its scrum and "heelers-out" predominates among the major sports. In another way, too, is "Dal" different from the others and that is in the principle of paying coaches. All such work is done strictly gratis by unselfish sportsmen.

would be, I imagine, warning enough to the majority of us. Who are we to reject the best from civilizations that have been in existence for hundreds of years, who are we to be able to ignore the practices of others? Of course we have to accept the good with the bad, but then there is a universal, or almost universal, code of ethics which places its taboo on certain actions whether they happen in Timbuctoo or Iceland; there are also certain rules of conduct to which newcomers and others have to conform, the neglect of which brings the individual within the arm of the law, whether that individual has been in this country five weeks or five years. We not only expect, but we insist that these regulations laid down by law be respected; but farther than that, it would be ridiculous to try and govern people's actions and thoughts by instilling in them a conglomerate of conceptions which are supposed to be typically Canadian.

A nation's solidarity is largely dependent on its traditions, which are the result of time and time-honored customs—these traditions become a common link between individuals, in fact so strong do they become that national traditions have often been the direct cause of wars. What nation, however conservative, has not derived benefits from other peoples to its own advantage?

Why, then, must Canada develop her consciousness out of her own inexperience? Why all this hurry to establish a concrete substance out of inconcrete materials? The development of national traditions can only be as the result of time and the result of selecting the best from the new element that is among us. There is much that we cannot afford to lose by assuming that we are grown up and forcing our opinions down the throats of those whose fundamental beliefs went through their adolescence hundreds of years ago.

—C. J. J.

WHAT HE ODE TO XMAS

Christmas is a-coming
And the goose is getting fat,
I've just failed another test,
And that, says I, is that.

Christmas is a-coming
And I don't give a damn,
For you get no Yuletide blessings
When you fail your tenth exam.

Christmas is a-coming
In what terms of adulation
Will my angry parents greet me
At my Christmas Graduation.
B.S.C. (XMAS).

The editor of Tush tells us that in his recent travels to Hawaii he met a fair hula dancer who, following the modern trend, used Christie's Hibiscus exclusively. (Advt.)

"Where did the automobile hit you?"
"Well, if I'd been carrying a license number, it would have been busted into a thousand pieces."

DR. H. R. MACLEAN

DENTIST

318 Birks Bldg. Phone 26514

SPORTING GOODS

We carry a complete stock, also service all sporting goods

CLEGG & CASE

10126 101st Street

Phone 22926

THE GREAT FESTIVAL OF GIFTS IS

JEWELRY

All jewelry for presents has been reduced, some as low as half price. If you have in mind any gift for Xmas, rush down to the

WESTERN JEWELRY

Their location is at 10210 101st Street

MAY YOUR CHRISTMAS DAY BE FILLED WITH JOY AND HAPPINESS
AND MAY THE NEW YEAR BRING YOU PROSPERITY

WALK UPSTAIRS AND SAVE TEN

The Nonchalant
Silk Lined
TUXEDO

24⁵⁰

40. Value



Poise and ease whether you walk, stand, sit or dance; the Nonchalant feels right ... because it's tailored correctly in my own factory. Broad of shoulder, wide of lapel, fitted hips. Remarkable value!

ROBINSON'S CLOTHES

10075 JASPER AVE.

WE WISH THE STUDENTS AND MEMBERS
OF THE UNIVERSITY STAFF

A Merry Christmas and A
Happy New Year

JACK HAYS' TAXI

PHONE 22111.

101st STREET



McDERMID ENGRAVING

DECLINE OF CAPITALISTIC SYSTEM FORESEEN BY LECTURER

Revolutionary Financial Methods Will Herald New Economic Era

Decline of Sterile Philosophy of Capitalism is Seen by Dr. W. H. Alexander in Recent Talk to S.C.M. Group

An outstanding example of a system of thought carried by later writers to extremes unintended and unperceived by its founder, the philosophy of capitalism was discussed by Dr. W. H. Alexander at a recent general meeting of the Student Christian Movement.

Modern capitalistic economics has developed from the classical treatise of Adam Smith, "Wealth of Nations." We have no real definition of capitalism. The distinguishing social feature is the separation of the use and the ownership of the tools. The motive is profit-making and the goal always seems to be the acquisition of goods. The method by which the goal is reached is presumably unrestricted competition, although everyone knows that this is not the case for we have tariffs and taxes erected everywhere to control competition.

The classical basis for capitalism as was said above is Adam Smith's book. It must be remembered that this treatise was written in 1776, at the time when Europe was emerging from the restraints of the guild system and tyrannical kingships.

There began to spring up a self-interest—the highest human motive. Now, also, began the emergence of equality of opportunity and freedom of exchange. The goal then as now was the accumulation of goods.

But Adam Smith wrote about the wealth of "nations." He did not follow up the distribution of wealth among individuals. We again must take into consideration the time in which he wrote. He advocated wealth of "nations" and freedom from restraint. Smith's definition of justice involves no conception of the possible capacity of a man to produce. He thought that the exact equivalent of an individual's labor would be meted out to him. The trouble today is to define the word equivalent.

Let us examine the results offered today by wealth, liberty and justice. Capitalism is an incentive to over-expansion. Closely related to over-expansion we have conspicuous waste. Liberty merely means license today. The term license is an illusive term

—there is no such thing as liberty anymore, certainly not in capitalism. The individual workman has no liberty; he cannot even quit his job for fear of not procuring another one. Justice is the weakest case of all. A man in dire want steals a loaf of bread for his family and gets six months hard labor. An employee of the government appropriates \$15,000 and is just quietly removed from office and the thing is hushed up. The great fact lies in the mal-distribution of wealth. A man does not receive wealth according to his services to mankind. A scientist or a missionary may be as poor as a church mouse while Al Capone rolls in wealth.

Society does not attempt to explain anything today; it tries to justify. The explanation breaks down and society says—"maybe it is not sound, but it works anyway." And any system that substitutes justification for explanation is nearing an end. Adam Smith and his followers felt that they had an explanation but the explanation no longer explains.

Society now censures, not the heretic in religion but the heretic in economics who challenges the efficacy of the capitalistic system. The whole thing is a problem of Christianity. The Sermon on the Mount was really an economic doctrine, it suggested the ideals to which we must attain. Capitalism is anything but Christian. The big trouble lies in the fact that our religious philosophy is one thing and our economic philosophy another; they are entirely inconsistent. And until these two doctrines merge into one, the suffering of this world can never be alleviated.

BADMINTON CLUB HAS TOURNAMENT

Students Serve Lunch After Downing Profs.

A big notch in the pillar of student badminton fame was carved on Dec. 6, when, in a match with the Faculty Club the students beat the "Profs" for the first time in history. The score in games was 14-10—Students 14, Faculty 10. Some brilliant and fast playing on both sides made interesting watching.

After the match the Students Club acted as hosts to the Faculty by serving lunch.

Those playing in the contest were: Faculty: Dr. Clark, Dr. Walker, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Webb, Mr. Cornish, Mrs. Walker, Miss Eager, Mrs. Cornish, Mrs. Rowan, Miss Dodd, Mrs. Shipley.

Students: Messrs. Black, Cooper, Adamson, Shipley, Sparling, Downs, Misses Shillington, Hammond, Whimster, Millar, Garbutt, Sheppard.

Watch for another match before Christmas!

NEW HISTORY HEAD



DR. G. M. SMITH

Who has assumed his position as the newly appointed head of the history department. Dr. Smith has just returned from Shanghai, where he attended a conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

School of Education

At a recent meeting of the School of Education students, Mr. Barnett, secretary of the A.T.A., gave an interesting and instructive talk of the history, aims and work of this organization. Later the class decided unanimously to become affiliated with the Alberta Teachers' Alliance and form a local; the officers being the same as the class officers, with the exception of the secretary, who will be unable to fulfill this position. They are, respectively: President, L. Garrison; vice-president, Mary Jackson; secretary-treasurer, Mr. Downey. The press correspondent for the A.T.A. Magazine is the same as the official representative on The Gateway.

ADMITTED TO BAR



DEAN J. A. WEIR

Of the Faculty of Law, who was admitted to the bar by Mr. Justice Ford this morning.

WEIR ADMITTED TO BAR THIS MORNING

Dean Weir Complimented in Pleasing Ceremony in Supreme Court This Morning

J. A. Weir, Dean of the Faculty of Law, was admitted to the Alberta bar this morning by Mr. Justice Ford.

Dean Weir began his study of law at the University of Saskatchewan, and was a Rhodes Scholar from that province. His scholastic record while at Oxford has seldom been excelled.

After returning to Canada he put in his articles in Saskatchewan, and when the faculty of law was founded here he was chosen as its first dean. Dean Weir is widely known throughout western Canada, and is held in the highest esteem, both as man and scholar, by judges and lawyers alike. Many of his students from this University are already prominent in legal circles. He was admitted by Mr. Justice Ford after being introduced by H. H. Parlee, K.C. Mr. Parlee referred to the outstanding work of Dean Weir in making the law school of this University equal to any in the Dominion in less than a decade.

After the oath was taken Mr. Justice Ford spoke of the great debt which the Alberta bar and the University owe to Dean Weir. It was pointed out that he has done more than any other man to raise the standard of the legal profession in the province.

Mr. Justice Ford then invited the newly-admitted barrister to sit beside him for the hearing of the first case. This graceful gesture on the part of Mr. Justice Ford is an indication of the high esteem in which Dean Weir is held by the profession.

RE WOMEN'S DISCIPLINE

Report—Sec. III, S.S. 1 December 7, 1931.

Under Sec. III, s.s. 1, of "An Act to provide for the Women's Disciplinary Committee," that committee has power "to enforce the laws of the Students' Union and to hear and determine all cases of breach of discipline and other conduct detrimental to the best interests of the student body"; it will be seen that there is no power given to enact. The committee has therefore no power to enact the particular legislation in question, and it is ultra vires.

As to the further question as to whether without enacting the

STUDENTS' COUNCIL MEETING MINUTES

Nov. 30, 1931.

(a) Call to Order: The Students' Council met at 7:30 p.m., Monday, Nov. 30, President Manning in the chair.

(b) Minutes:

The minutes were adopted as read.

(c) New Business:

1. Motion: That W. Parlee, C. N. Tingle and Miss K. Craig be a committee to interpret and report to the Council, the constitution with reference to the Women's Disciplinary Act. Carried.

2. Motion: That all applications for permission to put on the Undergrad be in the hands of the Secretary before next Council meeting. Carried.

3. Motion: That Geo. Will, N. McLean and Ted Manning be a committee to interview the Provost regarding the matter of the Union Disciplinary motion. Carried.

4. Motion: That ratification be given to the following appointments: Lloyd Garrison, President Hockey; Jack Cameron, Manager, Senior Hockey; Frank Kennedy, Manager Senior Basketball; Harvey Fish, Manager, Intermediate Hockey. Carried.

5. Motion: That a three dollar (\$3) caution fee be charged an athletic equipment loaned to students. Lost.

(d) Adjournment:

Motion: That we adjourn. Carried.

Dec. 7th, 1931.

(a) Call to Order: The Students' Council met in Room 135 Arts at 7:30 p.m., President Manning in the chair.

(b) Minutes:

The minutes of the last meeting were adopted as read.

(c) New Business:

1. Motion: That a guarantee of two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250) be given to the U.B.C. basketball team. Lost.

2. Motion: That the matter of the U.B.C. basketball game be left in the hands of the Executive Committee of the Council for decision. Carried.

3. Motion: That a guarantee of seventy-five dollars (\$75) be given to the Saskatchewan Women's Hockey team, to enable them to play here. Tabled.

4. Motion: That the Arts Club be given permission to put on the Undergrad for this year. Carried.

5. Motion: That Eddie McCourt be given his track uniform as a gift from the Students' Union of the University. Carried.

6. Motion: That the Council adopt the report on Women's Disciplinary Act as presented by committee appointed. Carried.

(d) Adjournment:

Motion: That the meeting adjourn. Carried, and the meeting adjourned at 9:20 p.m.

C.O.T.C. Sergeant: "What's the first thing you do when cleaning your rifle?"

Raw Recruit: "Look at the number."

Sergeant: "What's the big idea?"

Recruit: "To make sure I ain't cleaning another guy's."

Late Mrs. Love's Picture Presented To Wauneitas

Miss Mamie Simpson, a Great Friend of Late Katie McCrimmon Love, Was the Speaker for the Afternoon—Margaret Kinney in the Chair

There are all too few like her: she came here, in all the bloom and vigour of her youth, and left this University a better place than when she entered it, not only by her untiring efforts in student affairs, but also by the friendships she formed, which lasted unto death and beyond. There is not a girl who knew here who does not feel that to emulate Katie McCrimmon Love is to do the most effective thing possible in building up a strong and noble character.

Such was the feeling prevalent among those girls who attended the last general meeting of the Wauneita Society, held in the Upper Wauneita room on Friday, December 11, at 4:30.

Mrs. Norman Stover, honorary president of the organization, was present and poured the tea, and the other guests were Miss Dodd and Miss Mamie Simpson.

The business was brief. With Margaret Kinney presiding, the minutes were read and adopted. Francis Fisher moved that if the university is not willing to decorate the Lower Wauneita rooms during the Christmas holidays, the sum of \$15 should be appropriated for this purpose. This was seconded by Kae Craig and carried after a short discussion.

Margaret Kinney then introduced

PICTURE PRESENTED



THE LATE MRS. LOVE

Whose picture was presented by Miss Mamie Simpson to the Wauneita Society.

Miss Mamie Simpson, already known to many of the girls, who remembered her for the charming speech she made at the Wauneita banquet last spring. At this meeting she formally presented to Margaret Kinney, representing the Wauneita society, a framed picture of Mrs. Russell Love, when she was dead.

THE ATTENDANCE RULE

(McGill Daily)

The McGill Daily is supposed to be the mouthpiece of the students of the University, though, unfortunately, far too much talking is done bearing on college affairs which is never given proper publicity. Take the matter of the attendance for example. This is an old subject here, and one which to anybody who thinks about it, seems more and more to belong to that category of things which should be dispensed with.

Doubtless there is some history to this absurd custom of taking attendance for seven-eighths of the lectures and letting off the students for the last eighth, but times have changed, and a slavish adherence to tradition is a heavy bar to progress. To keep track of the attendance for Freshmen and even Sophomores, is a paternal measure of the Faculty for looking after young people who are not yet quite weaned from school habits. But when a student reaches his third and fourth year it is an insult to his intelligence and sense of responsibility to keep strict note of his coming and going.

Juniors and Seniors have in most cases acquired a serious view of their work, and need little or no spur to their attendance at lectures. On the other hand, if they have been unable to work up their lecture subjects, it seems of little use to them to come and hear a professor expatiate on it.

Another aspect of the case is that, after starting a course, the professor's treatment of the subject may appear singularly uninteresting and profitless to his hearers, and who, then, would deny the student his prerogative of free absence. With due deference, all professors cannot, and do not treat all their subjects in a brilliant or attractive fashion. While it may not be their fault, to impose their dronings on the student is oppression—nothing less and, to see his class dwindling, should stir a professor to try and revitalize his lectures. This, again, would be a good thing.

SEASONS

Soft comes the snow
Poured from a grey sky.
Through a vast emptiness
It hurries by
To heal, with cool caress,
The fields and naked trees
Beaten by autumn winds . . .
It mantles there.
And then again the spring.
Soon the snow passes
To the great yearly wonder
Of the leaves and grasses.
—O. R. W.

JUNIORS!

Remember you are responsible for handing in your picture for the Junior Class. If it is taken at the University Studios they will look after the print. But those having photographs taken at overtown studios will have to see that a print is delivered to the Year Book box in basement of Arts.

Be sure to write your name and the class plainly on the back of the print.

SOLITUDE

I like best of all
Still hours alone
When I have time to recall
Things I had known
And promised I wouldn't forget—
Which is just what I did—
Yet while I'm busy I can't regret
What is forgotten or hid—
Still there are times to recall
Things I have known,
So I like the best of all
Still hours alone.
—O. R. W.

TRAUMEREI

Delicate is the passion in the song—
How deep it lies!
There is a sorrow in it
Weeping with unseen eyes;
It stirs the heart to vague disquietude
Out from its dreams, and then,
Running on lifting feet, betrays it
Back to its dreams again.
—O. W. R.



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper Published Weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

Gateway Office: Room 102 Arts Building. Phone 32026

Editorial Board for this Issue: Lawrence Alexander, Noel Iles, Christopher Jackson.
Associate Editors: Mabel R. Conibear, B.A.; E. A. McCourt, J. W. Chalmers, B.A.

News Editor: Margaret Moore
Assistant News Editor: Margaret E. Smith
Make-up Editor: Wilbur F. Bowker
Assistant Make-up Editor: Helen L. Kirkland
Women's Editor: Kathleen Craig
Assistant Women's Editor: Ruth Bowen
Sports Editor: John Maxwell
Exchange Editor: Roger Coughlan

Business Staff

Business Manager: Arthur M. Wilson
Advertising Manager: Pat Garrow
Circulation Manager: J. A. Tuck
Circulation Assistant: A. Stinson

"—AND A WHOOPEE NEW YEAR"

About this time every year, the harassed editorial end of the various college newspapers begins to cast about for some suitable way of conveying to the readers of the sheet the season's salutations. And we are no exception. For the past two weeks we have debated in our minds whether or not we should just run one sentence and say, "A very merry Xmas, and the happiest of New Years," but on second thoughts we decided that if we took the time to explain to our readers just how hard it was to couch in true editorial terms the hearty greetings which it is our desire to convey, that they would perhaps understand and forgive what might be termed by the uncharitable as lack of enthusiasm.

We appreciate the fact that our task this term is much easier than it was to the bearer of good tidings in 1930. To begin with, he was seriously handicapped by the absence of, shall we say, local color. He had no snow. We, on the other hand, find our local color of the genuine Christmas variety, namely, several dozen degrees cooler than that of last year. Our pocketbook is suffering a current disease best characterized by the appellation "deflation." We are given to understand that we are not alone in this, but decidedly, Christmas must be at hand. Tests loom up ahead and hover around us with the net result that we feel (if we may be permitted to coin a term) very "un-Christmaslike."

Still and all, despite the depressing influences mentioned above, we of The Gateway are able to smile cheerily (in an editorial way) and wish all of you the compliments of the season, and the best of everything in the new year. —A. M. C.

MURDER ON THE CAMPUS

OR
IS STUDENT INITIATIVE BEING KILLED?

Honour may be dead and the far famed courage and perseverance of our great pioneers may be but a dream of yesterday, but it is at least reassuring to see that year after year so many of the students of the University of Alberta voluntarily assume a multitude of duties and obligations the very thought of which might make one tremble at their real immensity. Perhaps we might add that it is in addition somewhat tragic.

Under present conditions the fact that a student at this University accepts some extra-curricular work under the Students' Union must mean either that he is entirely ignorant of the consequences of his act or that he has such an active interest in that particular line of extra-curricular work as to make participation in it more than compensate for the disadvantages which the acceptance of the position entails. The fact that many students continue in their Students' Union positions even after they have discovered more or less exactly the bearing of participation in such activities upon the faculty's opinion of them, surely points to the existence in our student body of a spirit of courage and perseverance which we might not have expected to find there.

The facts of the matters simply are that participation of a student in extra-curricular work (Students' Council, Gateway, Year Book, etc., etc.) imposes such a severe penalty upon him academically, and returns so little in tangible reward that it is nothing less than a sheer miracle that many of these positions are kept filled. There is evidence, however, that the end of the road is rapidly being reached.

Owing to the fact that students working for any one of the various student organizations are expected to have and to maintain at least as high and perhaps (apparently to justify their taking part in the extra-curricular work) a higher scholastic standard than the average, and owing to the feeling on the part of such a student that he is under constant supervision and is often the object of continued censure, it is becoming year by year increasingly difficult to fill the more important positions under the Students' Union.

In many instances conditions have come to such a state that the student is forced to choose between dropping his position and losing his academic year, or at least very seriously prejudicing his academic standing with the faculty. The attitude of the faculty (as we understand it) on this matter is clear and on the surface logical, but seems likely to prove tremendously short-sighted and prejudicial in its working-out. It is simply this: "Don't take any extra-curricular work if you cannot at the same time maintain a high average scholastic standing. This is a University and you are here primarily to study." And to this might be added a kind of implicit understanding: "You are to realize that participation in extra-curricular work will in no way be compensated by any kind of consideration from us." Perhaps this attitude might not in itself be so prejudicial were it not coupled with the annoying restrictions and constant supervision to which the student in such activities is subjected. The fact that a student's name appears in The Gateway as a member of the staff of that paper or in the list of members of the Students' Council or of the House Committee or any of a host of other organizations seems in itself to subject such a student to an extraordinary degree of scrutiny and regulation. A student not engaged in extra-curricular work may persistently make low

CASSEROLE

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

By Buttercup

Christopher Columbus was a very famous man on account of he invented the flour called the Columbine. He also is well-known because he discovered America, which was a very wonderful thing, but it would have been even more wonderful if he had missed it. Anyway it was an accident, as he was not looking for it at the time.

The way it happened was that he was an Eyetalian singer, who was touring Spain when Queen Isabella, who was married to Ferdinand of Arrogance, saw him singing in an oppretta, which is not the same as a telephone operator. Anyway, she was very much struck with Columbus, but he never struck her the way her concert did. Since Columbus was just a leading man at the time, and not a star, he did not get a very good salary, and Isabella used to lend him money, and she even had to hock some of her jewelry. Hawking was a favorite pastime in them days.

However, Ferdinand found out about this by means of the Spanish Inhibition, which was a lodge that he belonged to. When he found out what was going on he was very angry, on account of his arrogance. So when Christopher found out that Ferdinand had found out, he left in haste and three ships, financed by the queen, which is where we get our word "financay" from.

His sailors wanted him to turn back, on account of he had forgotten to bring a news reel reporter along, which was a reel shame, but all he said was, "Sail on, sail on—the people at home will be there with a Crosley." After forty days and forty nights, he reached America, where the Injuns, tho uncivilized, were very civil to him. In fact, the Injuns were always very civil to the white people as long as they were uncivilized, but as soon as the Pailfaces tried to civilize them, the Red skins stopped being civil. This was on account of Alexander Pope, who said, "Lo, the poor Indian," and the Indian thought that that was a law trick, and a terminological inexactitude.

Finally, Columbus went home, taking some of the Injuns with him as hothouses for the zoo. When he reached Spain, Ferdinand gave him "Hail, Columbia," but finally forgave this sailor, because Columbus made it possible for him to be king over some more land. This made England mad, and was one of the causes of her war with Spain, the other reason being that England had not yet fought Spain.

NOT IN BOSTON

Head-line in Gloversville and Johnstown (N.Y.) paper:

HIGH HUMILITY IS CAUSE OF
GREAT DISCOMFORT IN CITY.

—Literary Digest.

marks (providing he does not fail) and hear nothing of it; such a series of results from a student holding an important position under the Students' Union is almost sure to create unfavourable comment if nothing else.

The final consequences of such an attitude may be far-reaching and disastrous. We cannot all be students in the sense that we all excel naturally in the obtaining of a high academic standing. Perhaps it is true that a large number who attend the universities of this continent should never attend. Recent records have a regrettable tendency to bring this out as a salient fact. Nevertheless it is inescapable that a large and increasing proportion of the people will demand and get higher education. If our educational system is to be saved from ultimate decay it must be through a changing conception of its ultimate purpose. Public opinion to a greater and greater degree tends to condemn the universities because they turn into the world every year a vast agglomeration of students loaded with academic facts concerning mathematics, literature, science, etc. but with very little else. Their initiative, independence and personality have been taken from them, they have become "collegiate" in the worst sense of that somewhat opprobrious term. Since the entrance of greater numbers of students of widely divergent types into so-called "higher education" there has been a demand for a more widely comprehensive educational system. The divergent needs of the various types of individuals who go to make up a world are recognized by many of our great universities today and some attempt is being made to provide for them. Some of our greatest institutions consider many lines of extra-curricular activity important enough to grant credits for participation in it.

At a comparatively new and relatively small institution such as our own the possibilities of giving a fully rounded-out education in all departments of life are small when approached from an academic standpoint. Those whose greatest interests lie in dramatic work cannot be accommodated in a comprehensive experimental school of dramatics such as exists at North Carolina but our Dramatic society does its best to fill the gap. We have no school of journalism for those whose interests are in writing. The Gateway offers a field for development along this line. The Glee club takes over many of the functions of a faculty of music. And so on; the list might be extended indefinitely. Not only do many of our extra-curricular organizations fulfill a need which is inherent in the obtaining of a complete education, they also function in many cases better than would specific university courses directed along the same lines, for they tend to develop within the students participating in them a spirit of self-reliance, something which no university course in itself can give.

In short, then, education need not, indeed cannot be approached from the purely academic side. This is being realized more and more clearly every day by our greatest institutions. We contend that our extra-curricular activities, creating in our university a field of interest for the widely diversified tastes of the student body and fostering above all that self-reliance which cannot be taught but which must be acquired, form an integral part of our education. A sympathetic understanding of these functions is absolutely essential if our extra-curricular activities are to continue in their state of greatest usefulness. The attitude that they are perhaps a necessary evil, but still an evil to be suppressed as much as possible, is a policy of retrogression, and is incompatible with progress.

—L. L. A.



AN EXPLANATION

(Certain U. of A. girls were recently very greatly perturbed on reading in the Toronto "Varsity" what purported to be a verbatim opinion of western girls expressed by an exchange scholar from Alberta. The impression was current that the Alberta girls had made very disparaging remarks concerning the girls here; we did not comment on the matter in The Gateway because we felt that the offended persons had misinterpreted the remarks, and we therefore waited in the hope that the matter would be cleared up by an expected communication from Toronto, as it has been. A letter to the Editor of "The Varsity" and another addressed to ourself appear below.—Editor.)

U. OF A. GIRLS, PLEASE NOTE

Falconer House,
Whitney Hall, U.C.,
Toronto, Ontario,
Nov. 21, 1931.

Editor, The Gateway,
University of Alberta,
Edmonton, Alberta.

Dear Sir,—I should like to make an explanation, if I may, through your columns.

I understand, unofficially, that as one of the Exchange students at Toronto, I am being accused of disloyalty to the University of Alberta, on account of an interview published in the "Varsity" here. Some of the statements credited to me in that article were certainly not mine; the unimportant things were stressed, while the more serious remarks were left unmentioned; and I quite agree that the general tone was hardly worthy of a university student. But, seeing nothing derogatory to either university in it, and knowing the difficulties an editor has with inexperienced members of his staff, I did not complain about it. Unfortunately, certain people in Edmonton have discovered meanings in it which were not evident to those on this campus. For that, I am truly sorry. But after all, it is the personal contacts which are important—not published interviews, very often perverted.

As for University of Toronto students considering Alberta as inferior, I am finding quite the contrary. They are becoming more and more interested, and I should not be surprised to find next year, or at least very soon, a student exchange in the true sense of the phrase, in which students from the East, from a real desire, would study in the West.

If there is still dissatisfaction, I am sorry—I have done all I can.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, I am,
Very truly yours,
ALLISON J. GRANT.

Whitney Hall,
85 S. George St.,
Toronto, Ont.,
Nov. 18, 1931.

Editor, The Gateway,
University of Alberta.

Dear Sir,—You would infinitely oblige me by printing the enclosed letter taken from the "Varsity's" issue of November 18th. This letter was submitted on the 12th of this month and its publication delayed by the illness of the editor. I shall say nothing further: it is rather chagrining to be under the necessity of defending one's loyalty.

Very respectfully yours,
DOROTHY F. BROWN.

(Following is the letter to "The Varsity.")

The Editor of The Varsity,
University of Toronto,
Dear Sir:

I am very desirous of correcting an impression which my remarks about Toronto and Alberta Freshies seems to have made. The article in question which appeared in the Varsity of November 3rd, reads: "The freshies here are so smart and sophisticated. In the West they are children who have never been off the farms and their manner and clothes correspond." This is an exaggeration of my statement. In the first place not more than half of the Alberta Freshettes come from farms and in the second place most of them are very charming and cultured girls.

My intention was merely to point out the fact that the Freshies at the University of Toronto are more sophisticated and assured in their manner and are on the whole better dressed. This seems only natural in an older civilization and in a part of the country which has not felt the depression as we have in the West. I certainly had no intention of disparaging Western girls, than whom I know no finer or more charming.

Very truly yours,
Dorothy F. Brown.

"A PAT ON THE BACK"

Edmonton, Alberta.
December 3rd, 1931.

Editor-in-Chief,
"The Gateway,"
University of Alberta,
Edmonton, Alberta.

Dear Sir:

The issue of "The Gateway" of November the 28th contained several matters of general and present interest and I, therefore, ask your indulgence in taking the liberty of forwarding the following comment thereon.

If the articles in question voice the general opinion of the student body and from personal experience I believe they do, (at least the opinions of those that have formed any), it would appear that the students believe that "all's right with the world." The statement that there are evils and ignorances and injustices—in short, that there are glaring faults in the present social and economic and religious systems, is resented and that

EXCHANGE

UNIVERSITY SHOULD UNSETTLE IDEAS

(Toronto Varsity)

"One of the main functions of the University should be to unsettle the ideas of the students," said Professor Van der Sprekel, of the Department of Political Science and Economics yesterday in an interview with The Varsity.

"Boredom may be a disease of our modern civilization. This evil may even spread to the Universities. What is the case, the fault lies in the University itself. For then it has fallen short of what a University should be.

"As far as I have observed, the University here succeeds fairly well in making the students think for themselves. They rarely escape without having to face vital problems in the Department of Economics. Nor can thinking be avoided by any student who takes a course in science. For with every new scientific discovery, former hypotheses are upset. "On the whole, I should think that very few students would survive any University course without losing at least a few prejudices and having many preconceived ideas go by the board. "There is nothing more conducive to tolerance and so conducive to boredom."

WINTER DUSK

Pale winter moonlight silvers all the snow.
Upon the shining hill
Some bare brown trees are standing in a row,
All stiff and proud and still.
A slender wisp of wood smoke, pearly white,
Curls from a cottage far,
While through the window pane a cheerful light
Is winking at a star.
Blind man's bluff is now a cigarette test!



THE BEST

Varsity Tuck
Shop

IN CANADA

THE

Rainbow Room

IS FREE FOR STUDENTS' FUNCTIONS

The Inter-Year Play Competition Shatters All Previous Records to Delight of Crowded House

Sophomores Sweep Scenes With Sure Success—Winning Streak of Seniors is Broken—Mrs. Carmichael and Her Orchestra Scored Their Usual Success

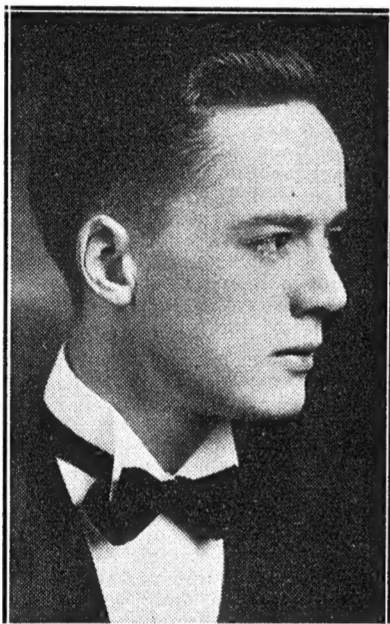
By C. J. J.

It was extremely fortunate for the small number of the audience who turned up on time, that Mrs. Carmichael and the University Symphony Orchestra were present, and that they were good enough to entertain us until the last straggler arrived. Just why people have to arrive a quarter of an hour late is more than I can see, especially when the starting hour has been advertised and even printed on the tickets for the benefit of those who might otherwise have no chance of finding it out. The Dramat Executive, and in particular the stage manager and his crew are to be congratulated on the smooth and efficient manner in which the whole performance was turned out. There was a minimum wait between each play, this was in a great extent due to the fact that the stage on each occasion required very little setting; but this simplicity in no way distracted from their efficiency or artistic value, on the other hand it was rather a change to see a set which was not in imminent danger of collapsing.

The Freshman play "Poison, Passion and Petrification" came as a very pleasant surprise and maybe with the exception of "Dregs," was the most entertaining play of the evening. I don't quite agree with the criticism of the judges that the play was not treated in the right way. I think the satire of the play was excellently expressed, by the very burlesque which they criticized. If they were, however, referring to the extraordinary physical development of the landlady then I am in complete accordance with them. Magdalena Polley had the looks and the voice and she employed both to the best of their advantage. Charles Perkins made an excellent villain from his feet up to

the end of his mustache, but a tendency to speak too vehemently rendered some of his lines inaudible, but this, no doubt, was the result of passion. Adolphus was admirably played by Eric Johnson, whose proficiency at stomach convulsions would be hard to equal; he gave an easy performance, even though his English accent lapsed from time to time—but perhaps I am too sensitive. The whole play was greatly helped by some clever stage effects produced by many colored lighting—Mr. Dobry and his electricians de-

SHARES HONOURS



J. BRIAN RINGWOOD

Who was chosen by the judges as one of the best actors in the Inter-year Play Competition. He took the leading role in the Sophomore play, "Dregs," playing opposite Eileen Stirling. Thanks mainly to the brilliant work of these two, the Sophomores won the inter-year award.

Princess Theatre

Showing

Friday and Saturday

WILLIAM HAINES in
"GET-RICH-QUICK
WALLINGFORD"

A million dollars' worth of fun and excitement!

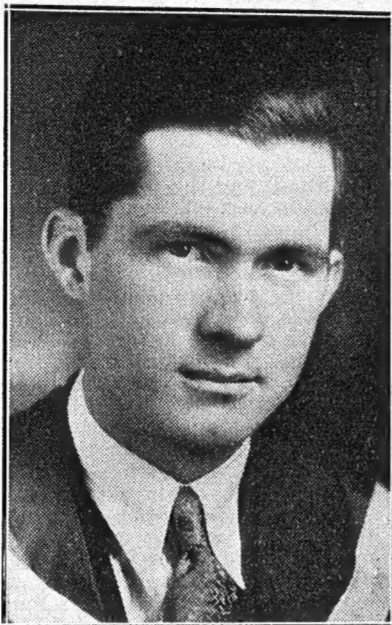
Coming

Monday and Tuesday

HOOT GIBSON in
"TRAILIN' TROUBLE"

The Cowboy King in a Thundering Action Drama of the great outdoors!

STAR ACTOR



TIMOTHY C. BYRNE
Dramat President,

To whose capable management the success of the Inter-year Play is largely due. Besides supervising the whole competition, Tim directed the Senior play, and his splendid performance as Mr. Garson won him the distinction of being one of the best actors of the evening.

serve honorable mention.

The Sophomore play "Dregs" was selected the best play of the evening and I think rightly so. The selection, however, was undoubtedly based (I hesitate to say it) on the sterling performance given by the two principals. The play itself is rather sordid and is a flood of emotionalism and, but for some splendid acting, might have been very disastrous. Eileen Stirling has not only a beautiful voice, but she has been taught how to use it. It was very pleasant to hear the inflections and uses of different pitches employed to interpret the emotions of that unfortunate lady, Nance. Her stage presence was easy and at no time did you get the impression, so common with most amateurs, that she was wondering what she was going to do next. J. Brian Ringwood (the very name has a beautiful theatrical ring to it) gave a surprisingly good performance which only goes to show that there must be others round here who are hiding their talents beneath a cloak of befitting modesty—his voice, while at times rather weak, had a cruel, cold, calculating tone about it that was far more effective than any attempts at bellowing toughness and his complete indifference to the protestations of his lady, whether amorous or otherwise, was very cleverly done. No small credit must be given to Daphne MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Dick MacDonald's infant prodigy, to remain absolutely silent and yet perfectly naturally while you are fought over and knocked about would tax the capacity of an adult let alone a child, but her performance lacked nothing. The play was carefully cast and carefully produced and although Miss Stirling and Mr. Ringwood

made it, Mr. K. H. Ives, as producer, should receive his just amount of credit for an excellent production.

"Barbara's Wedding," the Junior play got away to a very slow start and it was a long time before they captured the spirit of the play. Gordon Newton as the colonel was set an unenviable task. It is very hard for a young man to reproduce even a mature voice, but when he has to reproduce that of an aged man suffering from senile decay the burden is a little too heavy. Mr. Newton, however, did his best and his performance improved as the play went on. Priscilla Hammond looked very demure in her old-fashioned gown and helped to rescue the play just as it was beginning to fall down. I think this was a case where the play defeated the actors.

Another Barrie play of an entirely different nature, "Half an Hour," concluded the entertainment but an unfortunate second act ruined it just at the time when it looked as if the Seniors had the shield once again within their grasp. Tim Byrne and Jean Morrison started off well, the latter particularly as it was her first stage performance and layed a fine foundation for the rest of the play but the second act fizzled dismally. This, I think, was in a way the result of poor casting. Mr. Byrne has a very graceful stage personality while Mr. Kerr, as Paton, seemed very mild. It seemed incongruous that any woman would want to leave a man such as Mr. Byrne portrayed even though he was brutal, for a pink and white individual such as Paton, but, however, there's no accounting for a woman's taste, perhaps it was the maternal instinct. Mr. Kerr did his best, but he was just not suited to the part. The result was that he received his amorata's proposals of elopement at her husband's expense with a toleration that

BEST ACTRESS



EILEEN STIRLING

As Nance in the Sophomore play, "Dregs," gave one of the most finished performances ever seen in Convocation Hall.

"ASHES OF ROSES"

BEING A MILTONIC MASQUE IN 3 CATAclysms

By "Biddy"

(Fragment of a play found floating in the River Saskatchewan near Clover Bar, sealed in an otherwise empty bottle of Teacher's "Highland Cream.")

NANCE, a hard-bitten wench from "down by the Gasworks" (i.e., 97th Street), enters. Goes to table centre. Lights candle which goes out. Desperate, she searches for another match, but fortunately the foot-lights suddenly come on and save the situation. Relieved, sinks down in chair left, and pokes fire—a gas range. Finally discovers cigarette—lights it. Enter Jim, carrying bundle wrapped in newspaper.

NANCE—Hullo, Jim. Why what in Hell? A child?

JIM—No. The laundry.

Throws bundle down on bed. Walks over to Nance—knocks her down. (She is sitting down already, but no matter.) Jim exits. Brings in another bundle. This time it really is the child. He places the child on the bed.

NANCE, throwing herself on the couch beside it—My God, drunk! (In tones of utter disgust.)

JIM—No, doped. Think you that I would stoop to depths so low where I would drag a helpless child to drink.

(The next six paragraphs, presumably in the same strain, are totally illegible.)

NANCE, parking her gum with sudden inspiration—Take him back, Jim. For God's sake, take him back.

JIM—Not on your life, Kid. What the Hell do you think I kidnapped him for? (Lights cigar.)

NANCE—What's that to me? My father was no traitor.

DIRECTOR—Look here, Eileen. This is melodrama, not "As You Like It."

NANCE, with apologetic look towards audience—Would you step into the kitchen for a minute, Jim. The toast is burning.

Having thus disposed of Jim she pours two drinks of whiskey, placing three Aspirins and a Seidlitz Powder in one. The entire set rocks as Jim pounds at the door. Nance opens it obligingly.

NANCE—The drinks is on me, Jim. See, I've already got them poured out. To success, Jim, and damn the judge.

They drink. Jim collapses in a stupor. Nance tiptoes to and fro across the stage. Approaches child. Screams. Jim comes to and grabs her by the throat. Knocks without.

POLICEMAN—Not this time, Jim. The Judge's wife has had triplets. You ain't done right by our Nell.

He places a hand on his shoulder. A bolt of lightning enters left. The three fall dead. The bolt of lightning exits right. Child rises from couch and examines three with interest.

CHILD—The Copper attracted the lightning.

Child goes right. Lights itself a cigar. Pours itself a drink.

CURTAIN.

bespoke either apathy or unlimited choice in those matters—while she in turn received the news of his death with a stoicism that would do credit even to an Englishwoman.

After that things recovered, and the last act was excellently done but it was too late to retrieve their fortune. Mr. Byrne gave his usual, capable, clean-cut performance and did his best under somewhat trying conditions. Miss Morrison did well and it was unfortunate that she received a set back in the second act, as she seemed nervous afterwards. Jean Grieg as Mrs. Redding gave a very clever piece of character interpretation, but it was all too short. I wish it could have been longer.

Taken as a whole, the plays were uniformly excellent and the acting, in many cases, reached a very high standard.

I would venture as a suggestion, and I am personally aware of the limitations of choice, that in future at least two of the plays be of slightly lighter fare. I know I shall be told that the drama is supposed to stimulate the intelligence and act as an aperitif to the mental functions—personally I get enough of that stimu-

asset to Edmonton dramatics. Frank Canty, as the school teacher, also ranked high. Brummy Aiello and Albert Rader, especially the latter, produced some splendid results with the negro dialect. In the singing, C. Pyrcz, C. Hollingsworth, B. Wheatley took first places. The quartet was good and how Mr. Parlee can tap dance! Much of the success of the program was due to the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. J. B. Carmichael. Together with some very suitable costumes and quite satisfactory lighting, the music made a perfect background for the evening's performance. Despite a lack of plot or development, taking all in all, the program was highly successful.

Corona Hotel

SPECIAL XMAS DINNER

From 5:30 to 8:30 p.m.

\$1.00 PER PLATE

For Reservations Phone 27106

GREETINGS

FROM

THE

RIALTO

THEATRE

MAY THE FESTIVE SEASON
PROVE TO BE ONE OF ADD-
ED ENJOYMENT AND
GREATER PROSPERITY

Keep in mind, too, the
New Year's Frolic

at the

RIALTO

The Season's Greetings

and all Good Wishes

for Christmas and the New Year

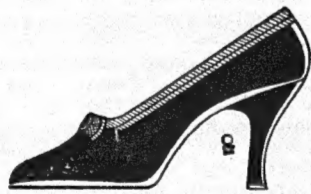


WOODLAND DAIRY
LIMITED

SMART FOR EVENING

\$5.00 — \$6.00 — \$7.00

FOR THE
COMING
PARTIES



Wear a pair of Sterling Party Slippers and you will be the centre of attraction at every holiday party. Carried in smart white moires, silver on white crepe and silver kid in pump and strap models.

All sizes and widths from AAA to C

TINTED FREE

EDMONTON CALGARY SASKATOON

STERLING SHOES

LIMITED

10125 101st Street

Phone 27433

The "Black and White" Revue, held in the Normal auditorium, Tuesday, Dec. 8, was a most successful three-hour comedy program. From the producer's point of view, it fully met its requirements. It was meant to be funny. It was more; it was hilarious. The poets tell us, "a laugh is just like sunshine for cheering folks along." The audience, then, must have been greatly cheered.

The curtain rose to show a characteristic schoolroom. The teacher and her star pupil carrying flowers, entered. Promptly, at nine, the full class was called in. There followed an exaggerated reproduction of the routine of "School Daze," Miss Crab, the teacher, conducted arithmetic, geography, physical training, composition, etc. classes. Phil McCann, a deaf boy, Linoleum Johnston, a negro girl, Oswald Snitch, teacher's pet, and Tommy Terror proved to be the most noticeable pupils. However, there was no story, development; the thing began, songs and humorous dialogue followed and for no apparent reason, part one was over. If it were recess, or noon, or night for the pupils there was no indication of it given the audience. The curtain simply dropped.

Part two was something quite different. Picture the luxuriant growth of a warmer clime. Picture the mystic skies with their dreamy queen-moon. Picture a little log cabin. Then imagine a group of twenty negroes sitting outside the cabin at meeting. Such was the setting of this part. Characteristic songs of the slavery days, produced in solo and chorus form, story telling, repartee and tap dancing were some of the features. On the whole, the program then was of a light nature.

The weak spots in the program were easily picked out. In the first place, especially in part 2, the correlation between numbers was very poor. Admittedly this is a difficult proposition for any director, if the cast is kept on the stage all the time, and the curtain is not dropped. One glaring error in the rhythm performance of the chorus and one very audible case of prompting, was noticed. In odd instances the jokes were a bit "shady," hardly desirable from a stage, even if the performers are "black". Local references, too, are not always commendable. For example, in part 2, glimpses of the real negro, that which exhibits his racial characteristics, were depicted—his emotions suggested by solos, his simple-mindedness by dialogue. The energetic "Halleluliah" was so like negroes; Old Black Joe was veritably a decrepit slave. Then, suddenly,

some local reference, e.g., to "Saint Joe's Cafeteria" or to Calgary's gentle breezes, broke the spell. Despite these, however, the performance remained "peppy" and interest was sustained right up to the end.

Honors in acting and singing were fairly evenly divided. Naturally, Jack Hennessey was splendid. He is a born comedian and would be an admirable

Miscellanies And Miscellaneous

By F. P. Mac

Thoughts after the year plays: . . . The Sophomore play went over big, didn't it! The players carried their audience with them all the way through the thrilling story to the smash ending. This, despite several handicaps in the play, such as the long monologue the leading man had to deliver in the middle of it. It is to Barney Ringwood's credit that he did not let the play down at this point, but instead sustained the interest to the full.

As a matter of fact, none of the players let the play down and this includes Leo Kunelius as the policeman and Daphne MacDonald as the child who "played dead" so realistically that some members of the audience thought a dummy was being used.

The excellent setting should come in for praise, too.

"Dregs" came over the radio equally well. I was just as thrilled and interested in it as I had never seen it before. Perhaps because there were no ignorant bores to laugh out loud at the wrong places. I think that is the reason why variety thespians are asked to avoid tragedy and melodrama. Not because they haven't the ability to do it well but because their audience doesn't give them a chance. It showed real ability on the part of the cast of "Dregs" that they made their audience lean forward in real interest.

And while I'm at it, will we never be rid of the half-baked idiots who think it funny to go "haw-haw-haw-haw!" during the love scenes?

. . . I am waiting eagerly for the official "critique" that will be appearing in this Gateway. I want to know in detail what Miss Marryat meant when she said that the Freshmen missed the satire of this play and overplayed it so that it became farce. That is interesting, because the Freshmen considered the play was supposed to be farce. True, Tim Byrne did announce it as a satire but he was under no authority to do so; and surely the judges didn't take that into consideration.

One of our professors the other day told us that few persons get the true meaning out of Shaw's plays. That seems to be the case even with "Passion, Poison and Petrification," on one side or the other.

Was, after all, the play intended to be a satire and not farce? A satire so subtly conceived that it was not perceived by those who were producing it? It may be that. There is certainly quite a few satirical lines apparent; may there not be others that they missed? Of course, all the way through it is kidding the stage. Is that what the judges meant? Was "Passion, Poison and Petrification" written with the intent of satirizing the stage, rather than burlesquing it?

I'm willing to be convinced but as yet I'm not entirely. I still feel Shaw meant the play as a farce. True, it undeniably holds satirical shafts; Shaw couldn't set pen to paper without poking at something. But I feel sure it was done in the spirit of good fun. Shaw classes the play as a "Tomfoolery" and calls it a "Brief Tragedy for Barns and Booths." That sounds to me like farce. And all those ridiculous incidents of which the whole play is crammed full, don't they seem to indicate farce? The opening of the play with a cuckoo striking sixteen, the angels singing "Bill Bailey," the variegated complexion, "Adolphus" new clothes (which were patterned from Shaw's own description), the poisoned gazette, the "plaster ceiling," the bust, the fight over the gazette, the ceiling effervescing inside Adolphus' stomach, pouring the melted bust down his throat, the landlady, the policeman, (well, maybe he was, too but his functions were farcical), the plaster setting inside Adolphus, the lightning attracted by the "copper," the "ghastly quadrille," the "erecting" of Adolphus and his beatific pose as the curtain falls, then add to these Shaw's instructions, not carried out in this performance, to use drums and cymbals to enhance the stage effects; surely if that wasn't intended as down-right farce, what was it?

Had the judges criticized the performance as being farce under played, I would have no come-back, because I'd have felt it was too true. But when they say the satire was missed and that it was over played to the extent that it became farce, well, it makes one pause.

. . . The "angels" of the above play received no credit on the program, so I'll tell you here that they are known on this earth as Miss Kathleen Kaufman and Miss Patricia Newton.

. . . Each of the four plays produced at least one outstanding performance. In the Freshman play it was that of Eric Johnson as Adolphus, whom many considered would receive the male acting honors. Johnson proved himself a master praiser of the three great emotions: joy, sorrow and indignation.

In the Junior play it was that of Priscilla Hammond as Ellen. She was perfect. I'm sure Barrie himself would have found no fault with her. In "Dregs" of course, Barney Ringwood was splendid, as Miss Marryat stated, they were the play.

As for Tim Byrne in the Senior play, he was head and shoulders above the rest of the cast, making them seem worse in comparison. If there is anything harder on a play than a bad actor it is an extra good one. Tim's diction was perfect. You could hear every word he said.

Admirers of George Gershwin are happy to know that he is writing the music for the latest Gaynor-Farrel picture, "Delicious," and that besides several new songs, this includes a second rhapsody.

Gershwin is chiefly known to fame as the composer of the famous "Rhapsody in Blue," the first "classical" composition written in jazz

style. You have all heard it, I am sure, (you did if you saw "King of Jazz") and you know it thrilling opening run on the clarinet, its fitful jazzic impressionisms, its touchingly beautiful blues theme in the middle, and its dashing finale. Strange and odd it is, but it is very popular. But you who like it, did you know that Gershwin has written other such compositions. His "Concerts in F" (written for Walter Damrosch) and "An American in Paris," are both considered much superior to the first heir of his invention, the "Rhapsody in Blue." Yet, though you often hear the latter, you never hear the other two. At least, I never have, and I want to very badly.

But we shall be able to hear his second rhapsody, the "Rhapsody in Rivets," when "Delicious" comes here.

William Shakespeare was actor, author and part owner of a chain of theatres. Many consider that to be great versatility, but it is narrow specialization compared to the feats of some of our modern playwrights.

Take Ivor Novello, for instance. Coming from a famous musical family he started life as a song-writer. "Keep the Home Fires Burning" is by him. Then he went onto the stage and became a matinee idol of stage and screen. He writes, produces, directs and stars in stage plays, both in London and New York. He is now in Hollywood appearing in pictures again, most recently opposite Ruth Chatterton in "Once a Lady."

Then there's Noel Coward. Coward is also a famous playwright, e.g. "The Young Idea," which the Little Theatre put on last spring. But he diverts and acts in his own plays, too. His latest feat, however, is singing in Cochrane's 1931 Revue, the big London production. I don't know whether or not he writes his own songs, but I shouldn't be surprised. At any rate, Victor has a new phonograph record of two of them: "Half Caste Woman," and "Any Fish Can Swim."

He may not be a master of all his trades, but at least he isn't finding life dull.

Did you see "The Skin Game." It was awfully good, I thought, though some critics haven't been so enthusiastic. But I thought it an excellent film. It has a very good story (by John Galsworthy) and excellent director (Alfred Hitchcock) and a splendid cast of players including Edmund Gwenn, C. V. France (the butler in "These Charming People") Jill Esmond, (the wife in "The Chinese Bungalow"), Helen Hayes, John Longden, Phyllis Konstam (who was in "Murder"), Frank Lawton ("Young Woodley") and others. The results are great.

I fear for the picture's popularity though. The story is too grim and tragic. It concerns the quarrel between two families over some property (among other things). Both sides resort to underground warfare which finally wrecks the household of the losing side, and kills the young wife. But the story is dramatic and compelling. The picture is another legitimate credit to British studios.

Little Theatre

The Little Theatre will present on December 19 Somerset Maugham's well-known comedy, "The Constant Wife." Having had the privilege to attend certain of the rehearsals of this show, the writer is confident in predicting real entertainment for Saturday night. This is essentially a well-balanced show. All the productions of the Little Theatre have not been characterized by this virtue but "The Constant Wife" is thoroughly deserving of being accredited with it.

The cast is almost entirely made up of new members of the theatre. They are doing all they can to knock the bottom out of our grouch which we voiced a few weeks back about the casting of absolutely new actors in leading roles. We claim that this Dramatis Personae is the exception sent by providence to test our rule in which we still have the greatest confidence.

We have been impressed especially by certain members of the cast but do not purpose mentioning any names at this early date, for the most part because there is no telling what may happen in the way of improvement in the last few days. However, balance is there and balance goes three quarters of the way to making a huge success of a show.

The sets are in the charge of Mr. Richard MacDonald whose handling of those in "Lilium" and "Death Takes a Holiday" merited the highest encomiums. Mr. MacDonald, we feel, has an infinite ability for producing scenery that is natural.

Mrs. Haynes directs with her usual brilliance and the lengthy list of names on the program coupled with the names of those who have done much but have not secured publicity are a testimony to the interest in the drama still evinced by the people of Edmonton.

We say it is a great pity that the show should be presented on Saturday next from the point of view of those students who have purchased season's subscriptions and who are going away on vacation on or before that date.

The more so because the show promises to be of a very high standard. The program for the remainder of the season will be, so far as we can make out:

(No. 3.) "Pygmalion."
(No. 4.) "The Show Off."
(No. 5.) "Paola and Francesca."

New Beau (calling): "Is this your parlor?"

Miss Such and Such (coily): "Errr, —yes. Father calls it the mushroom." Tsk, tsk!

BEAUTY

THE SAVIOUR OF MANKIND

By M. K. M.

We advance the plea, "Beauty, the saviour of mankind" assuming that mankind is in need of a saviour. One shuddering glance at science dis-covering and inventing means of destruction and the reflection that commercialism, the cause of the Great War, is more rampant now than ever before, will convince even the most casual that the entire human race is in danger of extermination. A love of beauty is our only salvation. As Galsworthy says, "Beauty and the love of it is the best investment man can make; for nothing else will keep him from destroying the human species."

Galsworthy's idea of beauty in its broadest sense is quality, dignity. To me, nature is the embodiment of all beauty, that harmonious blending culminating in serenity. I do not express this thought as introducing another idea of beauty, but rather the same idea in a more tangible phraseology. It is so, at least, in my mind.

"It is the contemplation of beautiful visions, emotions, thoughts and dreams expressed beautifully in stone, metal, paint, words and music which has slowly, generation by generation, lifted man to his present stature—such as it is—and modified his savage nature." We have reached a crisis in our civilization when the appreciation and love of beauty must so dominate us that anything tending to mar or destroy a revoltingly abhorrent. Not otherwise shall we be able to resist temptation to use the lethal weapons which science has evolved. The children of today must live, move and have their being in the beautiful atmosphere of music, literature and in wholesome sport. These are all art and in the joy of healthy bodies forms of beauty; anything constructive is beautiful. The child who is nourished wholly on constructive ideals will use his talents and all the means at his disposal to beautiful ends.

Another evil of this age which must be met results from the system of specialization in industry. In the "good old days" before the machine age, the offspring of the artisan was "the vision of his brain, the work of his hand and interpreted the thought of his heart." The day might be filled with labor, but there was beauty in it, the joy of accomplishment. Such

was the lot of Longfellow's village blacksmith. Today the workman plies his hundred task of tightening bolt number seven on part number twenty-nine hour after hour, day after day. I do not think that life holds greater tragedy than this! But how is it to be remedied? We can't go back; the machine age has come to stay. If the children of today, the workmen of tomorrow, have absorbed enough beauty, they will take it with them into the whirl of wheels. I have memorized a lyric which appealed to me the evening before, while washing the morning's dishes and my allotted task did not suffer either. It seems to me that, as much work is now purely automatic, something engaging the mind might well be accomplished at the same time. This may sound very visionary and far-fetched, but I believe that if the masters of industry would consider the matter some means could be devised to make beautiful the most dreary labor and it would pay dividends in contented and happy workmen.

Why not make this our castle in Spain?—to resolve that we make beauty such an integral part of every human soul that in the days to come the whole world as individuals will find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

MID-VICTORIAN

I've always been a very mo D'est chap as you can see. Although my lady friends have all Ways been quite proud of me. But never any more! For yes Terlay going down the street, A smile was on the face of ev Ery one I chanced to meet. I knew quite well they all were smi Ling at me pleasantly, So I smiled back, serene in my Superiority. But when I got up to my room I knew I'd been a goat. The buttons were (all) in the wrong but Tonholes on my coat. I've always been a very mo D'est fellow, you can see, But now I'm sunk completely in Inferiority.

—H. G.

F.S. and B.S.

Worm League in Action

Greenland Golf got away with a bang the evening of the 3rd, when the Worm Leagues played their first game of the season. Earthworms and Tapeworms tangled, under the supervision of Wireworm Hawkins, who officiated as Hookworm for the game.

It being an axiom that 'tis always the early Worm which is caught, the two opposing teams were on the ice at the scheduled time, much to the disgust of their predecessors on the same rink. Wandering Worm Austin was allowed to appear on the Tape-worm line-up for the game.

Amid deafening cheers from the large crowd of spectators the players put across one of the finest exhibitions of the game that has ever been seen in Edmonton. For a while the battle wavered in favor of the Earthworms, while the bearded brutes showered Worm Hole unmercifully. Not appreciating this bird-like treatment of their goalie, the Tape-worms rallied and slipped the little disk past Glowworm Beach, the man teams staggered wearily off the ice to be with the miner's cap. Finally, as both heard the tinkle of the bell, it was found that the score was a tie. Hence it is logical that both teams are at the head of the league.

As one worm said to another of the same ilk after the game. "That was fine combination that we pulled off out there." Then he tossed the silken fragments into a corner.

In the second game of the Worm league played last Saturday, the Book Worms, led by Porteous, crawled over the Wire Worms to gain a 7-0 victory.

The scoring started about half way through the first period when Low-

ther beat Stanley after fooling the defence. Porteous then wiggled through just before the end of the period to make the score 2-0.

Shortly after the beginning of the second period, one of the high tension Wire Worms threw such power into a body check on Porteous that Porteous lit in the boards and the Wire Worm lit in the penalty box. Dale is the name. Tricky Cornish took advantage of the depletion of the Wire Worms ranks to score. Porteous followed up with another. Brother Phillip then took a pass from Porteous to score. He then made one unassisted. Thornton in goal for the Book Worms stopped several dangerous shots.

Cornish got his pages mixed about this time and held some-body's stick long enough to draw a penalty. Shortly after South made a lone rush which threw the Wire Worms' defence into confusion, drew Stanley out and put the disc in the net for the final score.

Line up:

Book Worms: (Goal) Thornton, Moody, Porteous, Brother Phillip, Cornish, Wyllie, South, Lowther.

Wire Worms: (Goal) Stanelly, Dale, son, Hawkins.

One of the boys remarked that his father came out west in the early '80s to hunt buffalo. All that we can say is that the son is no slouch at shooting the bull.

Any of the boys that took the kind of pictures that could be used in the Year book this last summer, is requested to slip them to Austin. That page of engineer's snaps should get some good material.

THE MULTIPLE ENGINEER

Who is the man designs our cars with judgment, skill and care?
Who leaves it to the seer man to keep them in repair?
Who estimates their useful life at just about one year?
The bearing-wearing, gearing-tearing Auto Engineer.

Who thinks without his product we would all be in the lurch?
Who has a heathen idol which he designates Research?
Who tints the creeks, perfumes the air and makes the landscape drear?
The stinging evolving, grass dissolving Chemical Engineer.

Who penalizes zinc and steals his silver and his lead?
Who is it that the farmer likes to bang upon the head?
Who poisons every living thing that happens to be near?
The sulfur belching, miner welching Smelter Engineer.

Who is the man who'll draw a plan for anything you desire
From a transatlantic liner to a hairpin made of wire?
With "ifs" and "ands," "howevers" and "buts" who make his meaning clear?
The work disclaiming, fee retaining Consulting Engineer.

Who takes the pleasure out of life and makes existence hell?
Who'll fire a real good-looking one because she cannot spell?
Who substitutes a dictaphone for coral tinted ear?
The penny chasing, dollar wasting Efficiency Engineer.

Who gives us music by the yard and makes the ether ring
Who sells us all a lot of junk a hundred times too dear?
With bangs and howls and groans and growls while advertisers sing?
The beat inducing, squeal producing Radio Engineer.

Who is the man who melts at will any rock or stone?
Who'll make a ferro alloy out of hairpins, junk and bone?
Who dumps his slag on all the streets when limits get too near?
The electrode burning, language learning Metallurgical Engineer.

Who is the man who'll operate most any kind of junk?
Who'll carry out reactions which the chemists say are bunk?
Who takes ten thousand amperes and leads them by the ear?
The power using, gas diffusing Electrochemical Engineer.

—(From "Chemistry in Song" by the chemists of the Western New York section of the American Chemical Society.)

FAT EMMA

By H. G.

The time was half past one on a January afternoon, the place a grade four classroom. Miss Briggs was the prim little teacher who possessed a dignity in exactly inverse proportion to her size and who derived immense satisfaction from the knowledge that hers was the best disciplined class in the school. No sibilant whispers ever disturbed the tranquility of her classroom. Only a few miscreants had ever been detained to write "misdemeanor" five hundred times after school.

To this latter group belonged Fat, stolid little Emma with the straw-colored pigtails and unpronounceable name. There also belonged her sworn enemy and ruthless persecutor, Joey, who sat in a back seat, surrounded by an unmistakable odor of garlic. Emma had two great weaknesses; love of food and fear of mice and on them Joey was accustomed to play with the skill of an artist. So it was upon this January day.

A composition class was in progress. Emma had just risen to her feet to answer a question, her speech temporarily retarded by a large bite of the apple she was surreptitiously consuming, when a tap came at the door. Miss Briggs was wanted in the office. That lady paused to give parting instructions. "The class will continue working until I return. Mary report any misconduct to me." Her French heels tapped decisively as she went briskly down the hall.

For a moment there was silence in the room. Emma, having masticated one bite of apple, was contemplating another when a paper wad stung her ear. Turning she saw the grinning face of Joey, who hissed tauntingly. "Eating again, Fatty!" Emma chewed bominly. "Say," continued her tormentor, "I bet some day you'll be too fat to go through the door. Fat Emma! I'll bet right now you can't get into teacher's cupboard. Dare you to try."

By this time the whole class, not excepting the paragon Mary, had stopped working to enjoy Emma's discomfort. A whispered chorus of "Go on, Emma," arose. Having finished her apple, Emma walked solemnly to the back of the room where stood "teacher's cupboard," a narrow compartment on one side of the bookcase. The top of the door was of glass through which could be seen the muskrat coat and velvet beret of Miss Briggs. The door was locked, but the key lay on the desk. In a moment the door was unlocked and Emma squeezed into the cupboard. Grinned and tossed her pigtails at Joey. But her triumph was short-lived. With a quick motion Joey slammed the door and turned the key. It was at this instant that the tap of returning heels was heard. The key reposed in Joey's pocket and Joey's pen scratched busily at Miss Briggs' entered.

"Attention, class," she began crisply. "We shall continue. Emma Where is Emma?" In the intense silence a small sound drew her eyes to the cupboard. Emma's snub nose and chubby cheeks were pressed

against the glass. Miss Briggs' posture for once was almost shaken. "Why how—" she began; but there was no time for questions. Her well-trained class rose with one accord and in the doorway, Inspector Blain.

Thoughts raced through her mind. A glance informed her that Emma was no longer visible. Should she release her now before the astonished eyes of the inspector? But where was the key? Left there, what if Emma should suddenly pop up again, or betray her presence by a sneeze? At any rate the greedy little thing would have to exist without food, for a couple of hours at least. It would do her good. With a composed smile Miss Briggs turned to the inspector.

For the rest of the afternoon everything went smoothly. The class was irreproachable. As for the teacher—Inspector Blain admired not only her competence but also her shining red hair and five feet of incomparable dignity. What a little iceberg she was though. He wondered if she ever laughed. When the class was over, he expressed his approval of her work.

"And now, Miss Briggs," he concluded. "I should be delighted to drive you home."

Miss Briggs groaned inwardly. To her the afternoon had seemed interminable and now when escape was in sight, this, "No, thank you," she replied frostily, "I have work to do."

"But, of course, I'll wait. Let me take a look at your library." A feeling of helplessness swept over the miserable Miss Briggs. Where would this ridiculous situation lead? The question was answered in an unexpected manner. There was a rustle and a squeak, a screech and a crashing of glass. A sturdy little figure was scrambling through the uppermost part of the cupboard door. Fat Emma tumbled in a heap on the floor sobbing hysterically. "Dat Joey—he lock the door—he call me fat—a mouse—"

For the first time Miss Briggs wished herself smaller. If only she could change places with the mouse and creep into some friendly hole or concealing cupboard. Then the humor of the affair surged up and overwhelmed her with its absurdity. The dignified Miss Briggs collapsed in a spasm of laughter. She laughed until her cheeks were as tear stained as Emma's own. Then the inspector laughed, and Emma, wiping grimy cheeks with a still grimmer hand, laughed too. When they had stopped laughing teacher wiped her eyes and Mr. Inspector helped her button up the muskrat coat, and Emma was surprised to see that he didn't look cross at all as he did in school, for there was a deep wrinkle down each cheek and his eyes were very shiny as he looked at teacher. It was all very strange to Emma. But in her rough little fist she squeezed the quarter Mr. Inspector had slipped there and in her heart was a feeling of great happiness. Life, thought Emma, could be very pleasant at times; and strangely enough, Miss Briggs thought so too.

THAT CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

(Continued from Page 1)

be remembered." "Buy him one of these ties for forty-nine cents—they are wonderful value and he will never dream that you got it for less than fifty cents." "Lovely little gifts—any one of the following articles for twenty-nine cents." These "lovely little gifts" are designed for just one class of person—those friends who have some miraculous claim on you, that you dare not forget on Christmas day. "Forget" and "remember"—how we overwork those two words at this time of the year. They are worn bare. You dare not "forget" so-and-so because he "remembered" you last year or because he may "remember" you this year or because you once "remembered" him and feel that you have to keep it up.

You go down town with the intention of getting gifts for, say, three of your best friends—people for whom you will really enjoy buying presents—and you decide to investigate the possibilities of the various stores. You return three hours later—tired out—and begin to open your parcels. You have bought altogether: a little holly box containing a tooth brush, a handkerchief and a thimble all to match; an idiotic quill pen, that no one would ever use, accompanied by some cheap stationery for which you paid an outrageous price; a pretty little teddy bear; a long-handled powder puff; a bridge score pad; two small books, "Happy Thoughts for the Day" and "Scattering Sunshine," both bound in leather and very expensive; an autograph album; two neckties; and a box of fancy handkerchiefs usually four for twenty-five cents, but now that they are boxed, three for a dollar. You realize that you have succumbed to high-pressure Yuletide salesmanship, that you have spent most of your money, that you have not bought the gifts for your three special friends and that you will have to make out a list of friends who will fit the various remembrances you have acquired in your afternoon's shopping. And this is Christmas spirit.

—By M.

CHRISTMAS

A time for greetings
On gaily colored cards and whims,
A time of delayed meetings,
A time of ancient hymns.

A time of giving,
The world's youth hails its morn—
A time to know the Christ is living—
Behold—a Babe is born.

—O. R. W.

ONE CHRISTMAS DAY

(Continued from page 1)

heater; the woman sat watching with quiet dark eyes the antics of the little boy who, warmed and fed, ran about prattling and chucking. Cute little fellow, the man thought, with his dark eyes and soft hair. The woman told him her story: how she had come out from England to marry a nonestender. He had been killed in an accident just a few months ago. She had tried to carry on alone but they had sent her home. Christmas was going. They had planned to reach town that night, but she had underestimated the distance. Her tone was apologetic. For five years the man had detested, avoided people. Now, he felt his heart strangely warm towards these strange visitors who had come so unexpectedly out of the night.

Thus an hour slipped by before the man went out to see that all was safe for the night. When he returned, the little boy was asleep, one chubby fist under a rosy cheek. Near the stove hung a diminutive stocking. "He kept talking about Santa," the mother explained, "and he would hang up his stocking. He will be so disappointed." Her tone held unspoken regret.

For a long time the man sat motionless. The roaring fire burned lower and lower. Mother and child were asleep, their quiet breathing audible in the intense silence. The little stocking hung by the stove. For the man it held a memory and a challenge. Children believed in things. Grown ups did not betray that trust, even if it were only in Santa Claus. As for the little boy—wait. It was not yet late. Ten miles to town. The stores would be open all night. It would be rather a lark, though, and—yes, for the little boy, he would do it.

His mind once made up, he moved quickly. It had not snowed for several days. The ski track was clear and smooth. In a moment he was gliding swiftly over the snow. The adventure was getting into his blood now. He was keeping faith with little boy.

The last tremulous notes of a violin died tremulously away and the harsh scraping of the gramophone needle roused the man from a deep reverie. He crossed impatiently to the instrument, turned it off and stood for a moment looking out into the early winter dusk. Christmas eve again. Just a year ago tonight he had made that mad moonlight trip over the snow. It had been worth it though and recollection brought a half smile to his lips. Now, he had written home and next Christmas day would find him far away. Still smiling, he turned from the window, took pail and lantern, and went out.

FISH FUR

By The Kantaloupe Kid

Nothing ventured—nothing won. An attitude such as this was probably responsible for three play selection committees taking rather long chances on the dramatic ability of their classmates. And it was just the fault of the Sophomores that two of these classes were defeated in their race for the shield. It has been a long, long time since a Sophomore class won the shield and it was certainly their due in the last plays.

The Freshmen did not take any chances with their play and their interpretation was one of the highlights of the evening. Probably the play was somewhat farcical, but many players would rather see a farce than a satire, and I'm in this class. It usually falls to the lot of one of the junior years to present a play which is intended primarily for the contrast with some of the more melodramatic efforts of the evening. The Freshmen play was in this category and judging by the reception which it received the object was fully attained.

The Juniors staked their success on a very difficult role. A part which must be delivered without movement places a heavy burden upon the actor. About two years ago the Juniors presented Barrie's "Shall We Join the Ladies," in which fifteen characters remained seated around a dinner table until the very end of the play. Only the fact that this class was saturated with dramatic ability made the play a success. Generally speaking the actors in the inter-year plays have not had a great deal of experience in immobile roles and the Junior class gave an excellent presentation of the selected play. The play was difficult but they took the chance.

The Sophomores undoubtedly took the greatest chance of the evening and the ability of their players saved a play which might quite easily have become dangerous. Personally this play and its presentation reminded me of the plays of 1926 when the Juniors' out-raged sense of propriety of the audience with the profane, gun-flashing effort of Eugene O'Neill, "The Dreamy Kid." This was decidedly an innovation at class plays and the judges criticized the selection but the play won the shield, which was, after all the main objective. Both of these plays won through the sheer merit of the cast and deserved the award—but where these two suc-

ceeded many others have failed. Juniors have been the most frequent optimists in this regard with such selection as "Ile", "The Betrayal", and "Kestrel Edge" in '27, '28 and '29 respectively. All of these plays had moments when the audience threatened to laugh at the wrong time and throw stark tragedy into a farce.

The Seniors placed their bets on a long shot when they selected a three-scene play. Varsity audiences are unusually critical—they are supposed to be just that—and a break in the continuity of the presentation may lead to disaster. I may be quite wrong in my opinion but I think the plot in "Half an Hour" is worthy of more than a one-act play—I enjoyed the "Doctor's Secret" even if it did take three times as long to present the same thing. The Senior class had every right to be satisfied with the efforts of their representatives and I think the failure was due more to the vehicle used than the plays.

The Dramatic society offered a pleasant evening and it was certainly presented with a dispatch which is not characteristic of the class plays. This speed is even more commendable in view of the technical difficulties which had to be surmounted. The lighting effects in the Freshman play were certainly well done and produced rather grotesque effects. The drapes for the Senior play were quickly placed and removed and the scene shifters worked beautifully. Well done, Dramat and dramatists.

So much for the plays—I enjoyed them thoroughly except for one thing. Why were there no flowers? Latest New York dispatches indicate that certain calls are still in order and surely the four classes represented at the inter-year plays could have indicated their appreciation of work well done. Possibly this is merely a move for economy but courage bouquets are not very costly and would have been well received.

I cannot help contrasting the attitude of the audience of this year with those of a few years ago. The players get every chance for a successful completion of their play in more recent years but this has not always been the case. Formerly this night represented a big opportunity for collegians to make as much noise as possible regardless of the plays. The Frosh held down the north gallery with a sign blazing for this fact. The Sophs sat on the opposite side behind another banner while Juniors and Seniors filled the main section of the gallery in a much more sedate manner. Only the bravest of the brave would risk the humiliation heaped upon any student buying a reserved seat. Noise was the order of the night. On one occasion the Frosh presented a siren as their musical contribution to the racket. It was a total success until the Juniors cut the wire which operated the weapon. In the middle of the Soph play some intrepid Freshman ripped down the Soph banner and incidentally nearly wrecked the play—but who cared?

Sometimes I wonder if Alberta collegians are taking themselves too seriously. Med Nite has been abolished, initiation has been reduced to a salutary welcome, theatre night with its infamous snake-dance is just a relic of ancient days—and, as mentioned above, the inter-year plays have become much quieter. All of these changes point quite definitely to the growth of an atmosphere which is not supposed to be characteristic of college life.

This university hardly seems ancient enough to attempt a wholesale revision of college traits. The habits and events, which are features of varsity founded hundreds of years before Alberta was a province; which were introduced into this fledgeling institution as a matter of course, have been summarily relegated to the waste basket as unfit for university students. Rather a slighting attitude to take toward our European contemporaries—or are we just falling back into the category of an over-grown high school where discipline must be sternly applied to curb flaming youth. You tell one.

Lot's wife looked around and turned into a pillar of salt. Now they look around and turn into a telephone pole.

"DIES PUGNAE"

(Which Being Interpreted, Means Boxing Day)

By J. B.

This entrancing narrative is reproduced in exactly the same form in which it was verbally related to the assembled members of the Y. F. L. (Young Fighters' League), the F. F. A. G. (Free For All Gang), and the C. B. S. A. (City Boys Slugging Association). The author was, on that occasion, called upon for a post-grandiose speech having been the guest of honor at the annual banquet of the following bodies which were affiliated to those mentioned above, to wit, the H. D. & W. R. C. (Hot Dog and Weenie Roasting Commission), the L. B. I. L. (Local Boys' Inexpensive League) and the R. O. Y. M. F. R. (Royal Order of Young Metropolitan Revolutionaries).

"Mr. Chairman, Sir, Members of the . . . ahem . . . shall I, for brevity's sake, say: Gentlemen: I am deeply honored by a request for a few words coming from a company which, I am assured, represents the cream of the youth of this city. Nevertheless, I confess to being quite at loss as to what to say. I have whiled away fully half the evening in wishing you the season's compliments and the other half in receiving same, so that there would be nothing novel in my voicing yet again the sentiments of hearty good-will which I entertain towards you. I am compelled, therefore, to fall back once more to the earth-experiences from which I propose to select one which will be eminently suitable, both to the occasion and to the company. It is, I venture to think, both instructive and interesting.

I have already acquainted you with my strange adventures at the Battle of Waterloo and some of you will doubtless recollect how intimately I was connected with the sinking of the White Ship, having been the wireless operator on board the schooner "Hesperus," which, as you know, was the vessel that picked up the only survivor. But it is not with my nautical days that I am now concerned, but with the supremely interesting historical anecdote first related to me by King Jaime XXXIII of Pangosturia, who reigned during the latter part of the Nineteenth century. The following, in brief, what he told me.

Pangosturia, now unfortunately a nation of the past, was situated in Africa and ruled over by a potentate known as a king. It is rather with their curious method of selecting their ruler than with the Pangosturians themselves that I am immediately concerned for it has a bearing both on the season which we are now celebrating and the sport to which we are all so endeared. In other words, it concerns the fascinating story of the origin of Boxing day, an origin which has been the subject of a great deal of confusion and theorizing among historians and antiquarians.

This method of regal selection then was of great antiquity and had been utilized with astonishing regularity and the most minute adherence to tradition right up to the days when the nation wrapped its independence in the folds of another flag.

As you know, in the early days of barbarity and despotism it was essential for a king to be a great fighter rather than an especially sagacious man. The Pangosturians besides realizing this had noticed that in neighboring countries, the succession of direct family heirs did not always produce this result and, moreover, that a king who was above 30 was inclined to end towards riotous living and unathletic habits. Such was the leanings on the part of their monarch meant that a bad example was set to the people and the occurrence of a general degradation in the morale of the nation. Being a country of small dimensions and therefore of small population it was necessary at all times that the people, at least the men and boys, should be kept in the very best training and fighting trim, while, at the same time as little depopulation as possible among good, strong men should be ensured.

Keeping these principles always in mind then, the method of selecting their ruler in reality became self evident. Firstly, it was decided that, although a king could rule for any number of years, his fitness for the throne would have to be tested annually, this precluding any likelihood of the monarch becoming degenerate or flabby. Secondly, it was obvious that all the contestants for the throne would be strong, well-trained men and that, therefore, mortal combat resulting in the complete loss of several of them would be a great misfortune to the nation. The use of weapons would have to be avoided and the tragic results sometimes following wrestling combats, then run exclusively under Australian rules, also put them in the category of rejected proposals.

Thus, by this imposing of conditions you will see that the battles to be waged by the claimants to the throne of Pangosturia were regulated in such a way that they became an exhibition of nothing else but what we now know as boxing. Queensberry rules resolve themselves into a rehashing of the pre-Roman Pangosturian rules, differing from those only in the most trivial respects.

Having thus settled the nature of the selection contests, it remained only for the Pangosturian sages to name a day for them. The king was always crowned on New Year's day and some date almost immediately preceding that of the coronation was naturally indicated. Accordingly, December 26th was chosen, the five days elapsing between that day and January 1st being deemed a sufficient length of time in which the king could rid himself of any unsightly bruises, black eyes and cut lips which he might have sustained in his battles for supremacy.

Thus, you see, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, that you need no longer

Did You Know That--

There was a time back in "the good old days" when it was as much as your head was worth to express your views in the way not deemed desirable and best fitting your particular and peculiar personality. Heads were lopped off, bodies immersed in boiling oil and burned at stakes, all with a cheerful impartiality according to the whim of the individual who happened at that time to be head man.

Man, however, is a courageous creature and would not tolerate those conditions and so at the expense of further immersions in oils, further decapitations and other choice tortures, he steadfastly stood his ground until the seed of democracy flourished into a beautiful flower, to perfume a rather tainted world. The idea being that at last it would be physically safe for man to govern his own thoughts and actions to the extent that they did not visibly interfere with or harm other people. This, of course, was a noble ideal and presumably worth the unpleasantness but the privileges it has provided have been put to such an extraordinary use that it is rather pathetic to think of the unfortunate who gave their lives, that others might gossip.

A healthy curiosity is, I suppose, a great attribute to man and should be encouraged to maintain his interest in his own pursuits—but when that curiosity grows to such an extent that it involves the doings of everybody but himself it ceases to be healthy. This interest in other people's affairs would not be so bad if it stopped as an interest but there are people whose zeal is such that if their curiosity is not sated by what actually happens, revert to the use of their imaginations and fabricate events which, while affording themselves undoubted pleasure, often cause their unhappy victim a great deal of misery. Thus there has been evolved a mental persecution which for its sheer cruelty, could not be bettered by the somewhat clumsier efforts of the medieval torturer.

Even the fabrications would not be so bad if they were based on actual observations, but in so many cases they are formed on hearsay, second-hand at that. This viciousness seems to work in an intense proportion, according to the size of the community and the relative importance of the individuals in that community. In a large centre it is hardly noticeable, but as the number of people gets smaller and more commonplace it takes on a rampant growth that chokes everything else with its rankness. A certain individual is picked out and labelled as being dishonest, immoral or in particularly as being a drunkard—the latter seems to be a favorite in our midst. This opinion is founded, often, on a single case of mild inebriation, but too often merely on the authority of a secondhand account. Having then established a reputation for this individual, these mischief makers see to it that it is maintained by various embellishments and by constant reference because they consider that if something meets with their disapproval, even though it is his possible effect on them, it is their privilege to defame the author of that action with all the powers of their narrow-minded bigotry.

"Someone Told Me—"
Of course, no individual will be too seriously upset by these scandal mongers but in a university, and particularly a small one like this, it can have far-reaching effects, because these rumors may get back to places, where although they will not be believed, will cause a lot of unhappiness.

The originators of these rumors are generally people with as much character as a bed bug and twice as objectionable—their only desire seems to be to cause unpleasantness at the expense of the truth or anything that happens to be contrary to their knowledge of what should be (a special knowledge reserved for them by some omnipotent force.) If there was an attempt at the salvation of these despicable creatures, one might have a little sympathy with the righteous; but their interests are not centred in the unfortunate's welfare but merely in the instigation of something they can throw their mud at.

Medieval days would have seen a lot of heads flying round here—the right to stick a sword into a person who maligned you is past, in fact, now, thanks to our civilization, the whole process is reversed. It's too bad that these zealots should have to select humans for their amusement when there are so many animals they could kick, but we suppose their pleasure would be minimized because the harm they caused would only be temporary.

—CC. J. J.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE SNOW

Hear the footsteps on the snow
So hurried and so nimble,
Listen to their rising cadence
And rhythm e'er so simple.

Though I walk in musing wrapt
And my pace is slow,
My heart is keeping step with those
Footsteps on the snow.

Oh those foot falls, they are pit-falls,
But I love to hear them go.
'Tis the music of the season—
The footsteps on the snow.

They are gone and what is left me
But the footprints on the snow;
And so I take the trodden path—
The way I yearn to go.

—L. H.

suffer any illusions regarding the origin and institution of Boxing day and all that it means. Do not, in future, permit anyone to confuse you with other plausible tales of that same origin and institution for I have now the honor to bring to you the authenticated truth, having heard it myself from the last fighting King of Pangosturia, King Jaime the XXXIII.

COLUMN EXTRANEOUS

(Or Call 'Em What You Will)

By Balm Bob

Jeeminy Christmas!
Yes sir, Christmas is just around the corner. Can't you see it sneaking up on us?

My mind, at best a one-track machine, has been so over-burdened lately with making mental notes of things and events for examination purposes that it persists in treating this topic of Christmas in the same way. You see my thoughts are trained by now, to go into their proper channels labelled 1, 2, 3, (a), (b), (c), etc. as their relative importance demands.

My thoughts about Christmas seem to fall into the following divisions:

1. Christmas exams.
 - (a) Before
 - (b) After
2. Christmas presents
 - (a) Those we want to give
 - (b) Those we give from a sense of duty
3. Christmas holidays
 - (a) Frolic and food
 - (b) Consequences

The Christmas test is a necessary evil that must be accepted philosophically. But necessary and inevitable as it may be it is always greeted with alarm and foreboding on the part of the student. It is heralded by a spirit of earnestness and industry that descends upon the whole student body. Young men and women hurry about in a very determined fashion. Wan, harassed faces and bloodshot eyes, bespeaking nights of intensive study are to be seen everywhere. Eager fingers clutch the red pencil and underline and re-underline an important bit of knowledge that heretofore had escaped notice.

The oppressive gray covered volumes containing old exam papers are in great demand. We see worried students assiduously copying down the questions that have been asked in the last ten years on a given course, hoping that by some miracle the professor may forget and repeat himself.

Surely the picture is dismal enough now, drawn as it is in rough outlines. I'll let you use your own imagination to do the retouching.

But after exams are over—ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'! Honestly it's worth having the exams just to experience that sensation of relief that comes as an aftermath. Of course, there is the possibility that we may have flunked in one but the resolution to study hard in the New Year quiets our conscience so that there is nothing to mar our holiday except—that awful orgy of Christmas shopping.

This charming old custom of exchanging presents has become a farce—no less. There are a few people, it is true, to whom we really want to give some token of our love—such as one's immediate family or a very special friend. But outside this select circle, present-giving is a bugbear.

There are so many distant relations and casual friends to whom we feel we must give something because we are pretty sure they will send us something. We just couldn't bear to owe anybody a Christmas present!

You don't remember exactly how it started, but four or five Christmases ago Cousin Jane sent you a pocket knife. (You only got six of them that year.)

You received it three days before Christmas. This gave you time to send her a box of stationery. Ever since then you and Cousin Jane have exchanged gifts at Christmas in a half-hearted sort of way.

It is this sort of gift-giving that I condemn and it is done to no small extent either. We go about choosing gifts of this sort with the same spirit that we would go about paying a debt.

I have done a little private re-

search work along these lines. Practically all persons interviewed admitted that they loathed selecting Christmas presents. How would you like to get a present from a person who left that way about selecting it for you?

One person said he'd rather buy his own presents each year, then he'd be sure of getting what he wanted. He stated moreover that he had a trunk full of useless Christmas presents that he had received during his life term. He redistributes these each Christmas and hopes that an exigency will arise to call forth the use of the rest of the knick-knacks.

Granted, that it is useless to judge a gift by its usefulness. It is the spirit behind the gift that makes the gift valuable. Remember, I am speaking only of those gifts that are exchanged from a sense of obligation on the part of each donor.

In this time of depression and financial embarrassment I advocate a moratorium of Christmas gifts or should I say debts?

But after all the best thing about the Christmas season is the spirit of polly and good-will that prevails. It is strange how old enmities and grudges are forgotten, if ever, at Christmas time. The crustiest of people seem to come out of their shell if you say "Merry Christmas" to them and mean it.

However, I suspect that it is the turkey dinners and night of revelry that many of us look forward to with the greatest anticipation. And the consequences? Oh, let's not think of them! I don't want to leave you with a headache and a dark brown taste in your mouth, so cheerio, my readers. Here's hoping you have the jolliest Christmas yet!

COUGHLIN'S The Capitol Beauty Parlors

BARBER SHOP
In connection

International Dyers & Cleaners

LIMITED

We wish to extend to the students and staff of the U. of A. our sincerest wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

TRUDEAU'S

Cleaning and Dye Works Limited

10050 103rd Street

Edmonton

PHONE 23431

Special Delivery several times
daily to the University

Xmas Suggestions

Varsity Cushion Covers
Varsity Sweaters
Varsity Pennants
Varsity Belt Buckles
Varsity Neck-ties
Pen and Pencil Sets
Desk Sets

Dr. Broadus' New Book: "The Story of English Literature"

Christmas Cards, Seals and Fancy Cord

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

UNBEATABLE
Illustrations & Cuts that will make your Year Book and other Publications an Outstanding Success—and at Prices you will appreciate—
Phone 27083
ART ENGRAVING CO. LTD.
LAFLECHE BLDG. EDMONTON

JOHNSON'S—The Leading CAFE

Corner 101st and Jasper Avenue

To all the members of the University of Alberta, Faculty and Students, we extend our best wishes for their Health and Happiness during the Christmas season, with every success in the coming year.



ALL ONE PRICE

Tip Top Tailors

10123 Jasper Avenue

Phone 22076



SPORTS



Varsity Hockey Team Fails To Register Win On South Trip

Maroons Defeat Varsity 3-2 In First Southern Fixture

Senior Hockey Team Defeated by Narrow Margin on First Trip South—Al Hall Stars for Varsity With Two Goals

The Calgary Maroons won the first inter-league game to be played in Calgary last Saturday when they turned back the Green and Gold sextet by the score of 3-2. The game was close as the score indicates and the Calgarians got their one-goal margin when Dooley Ross, in attempting to clear the Varsity goal, hooked the puck into his own net. It was a tough break for the Varsity boys but it is all in the game.

"Long Al" Hall scored both goals for our boys and was the star of the game. The Calgary fans appeared to like Al as much as we do and gave him a big hand. The Calgary scribes are of the opinion that he is one of the neatest amateur players seen around these parts in several seasons. Some of the people around here are too prone to criticize his rather lazy-looking stride.

First Period

The first period opened fast, both teams endeavoring to obtain an early lead. The teams were quick to get back on defence, however, and no scoring was done until Sid Walter, Maroon right winger, picked up a pass from Shaw to bulge the twine behind Ross. Shortly after this Al Hall gave the fans a thrill when he stickhandled through the entire Maroon team and beat the goalie, only to miss by a scant margin.

Second Period

Moss opened the second period by doing the same stunt that Al did, missing the goal when he had Ross beaten. Hall then went down on a

solo. He crossed the defence and let a hard drive go for the corner of the net that beat Taylor nicely, thus putting the teams on even terms again. Up to this time Varsity had been pretty well held to their own end of the ice, but they came to with a bang and gave Taylor many anxious moments. Guy Kinnear, diminutive centre ice man, came near scoring but Taylor came out nicely to stop him. Al Hall scored again on a three-man rush but the play was called on account of an offside. McKinnon, after having a rest in the cooler, teamed up with Howard on a neat two-man sortie to score on a pass from his partner. Soon after Ross saved nicely when Gooder was right in on him after having received a neat pass from Sheriff. It was at this point that the break came, Ross scooping the disc into his net.

Third Period

This put Varsity down 3-1 and they sent four and five men down the ice in an attempt to score. Varsity had two close shaves when Howard and McKinnon went in on Ross but Dooley saved well both times. Varsity's efforts were rewarded when Al Hall pulled another of his end-to-end rushes. He stickhandled through the defence and had Taylor helpless with a hard drive to the top corner of the net. Varsity now pressed with renewed vigor, the Maroons being one man shy. Al Hall came within an ace of tying the score when he missed the goal by inches after one of his brilliant rushes. The bell went soon after with Varsity on the lead end of a 3-2 count.

McKinnon, Moss, Howard and Gooder did the majority of the work for the Maroons with Hall, King and Kinnear standing out for Varsity.

Lineups

Calgary Maroons: Goal, Taylor; defence, McKinnon, McDougal and Shaw; forwards, Howard, Ross, McConnell, Sheriff, Walters and Gooder. Varsity: Goal, Ross; defence, Hall and Gibson; forwards, King, Kinnear, Boles, Tollington, McConnell, Klassen and Willans.

SENIOR HOCKEY LEAGUE STANDING

Northern Section					
Imperials	2	2	0	0	4
Superiors	3	1	1	1	8
Forty-Ninth	3	1	1	1	9
Varsity	5	0	5	0	9
Southern Section					
Bronks	4	3	1	0	8
Maroons	3	2	1	0	9
Drumheller	3	2	1	0	3
High River	3	1	3	0	4

PICK OF DEFENSEMEN



AL HALL

Acknowledged the best defenseman seen on Calgary ice since the days of professional hockey. Al is one of the leading scorers in the league.

SPORTING SLANTS

C. J. J.

Anybody who reads the paper must know just what tough luck the hockey team had down in Calgary. It was a pleasant change to see a favorable sport write-up in a local paper.

Al Hall surely made a great impression—those two goals of his must have been pretty smart. Harry Scott, Calgary sport writer, says down in Calgary they like Al Hall—we don't wonder, so do we.

It is too bad Don Gibson was not allowed to play in that last game. Apparently residence in the U.S.A. is supposed to make him ineligible, but it is hoped that the powers that be will consider his case favorably. We can't afford to lose players of Don's calibre.

Freddy King scored a goal which one spectator declared was the result of the prettiest bit of stick-handling seen in Calgary for a long time. Nice going, Freddy.

Guy Kinnear played his usual hard game—that boy seems to get better all the time. They say he was up against some pretty big opposition, and when we say big, we mean somewhere around two hundred pounds.

"Dooley" Ross again did his best, and nobody can accuse our goalie of being the cause of our losing.

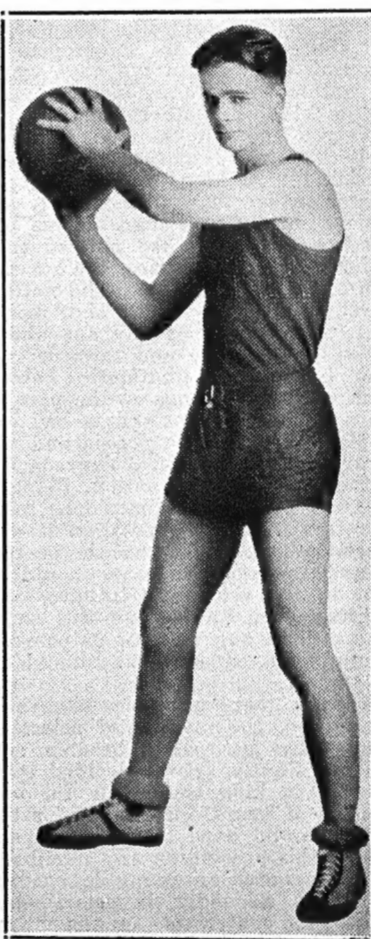
There's lots of time yet, and we'll see our hockey team on the winning end of the score yet.

Women's hockey, for so long a weak sister, seems to have revived, judging by the battle they put up against the Monarchs—that's the sort of thing we like to see.

Basketball has got under way, Varsity taking a win in their first game at the expense of the Y.M.C.A.

K. Kosior won the Taylor Cup for the best all-round display of wrestling when he won his match in the 134 lb. class. That's some stranglehold on success.

HOLDS THE FORT



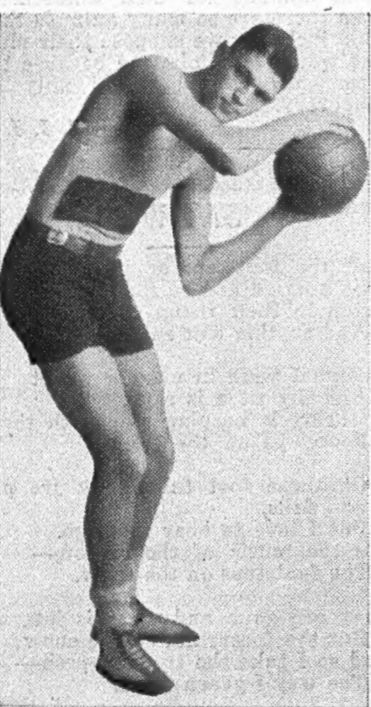
BUZZ FENERTY

Who teams up with Vi Wood to compose a well balanced defense. Buzz and Vi make an admirable pair. Watch them go!

angle of the floor. Meyers was a star with the New Westminster Adanacs of last year. We can count on U.B.C. for a real championship game.

Meanwhile the U. of A. are building up their hopes and are practising hard and regularly. By the appearance of the team in the last game, we have a team as good, if not better, than that of last year. The addition of Frank Richards and Bob Anderson has helped us a lot. These boys are fast and are guaranteed to run any pair of guards ragged. Bob is a U.B.C. product and plays forward. Vi Wood is an able guard with the ever-reliable Buzz. Vi is playing bang-up basketball this year. Pullishy, Donaldson and Keel are back in their old forms and Frank Kennedy will be on duty for relief work. We owe the boys a hand, students. Get some use out of your athletic cards, and yell as though you meant it!

SHINES FOR U. OF A.



MERT KEEL

Rangy sharpshooter of U. of A. squad. Watch him help Varsity take B.C. in January.

Alberta Meets U.B.C. Team In W.C.I.A.U. Basketball Final

Coast Team to Appear in Prince of Wales Armouries January 9—Students Use Athletic Cards—Vi Wood and Fenerty Play Guard—Donaldson, Pullishy, Richards, Anderson and Keel Counted on to Score Heavily

On Saturday, January 9, 1932, at eight o'clock, the Senior Basketball team of British Columbia University meets the U. of A. team in the Prince of Wales Armouries for the final game of the W.C.I.A.U. championship series. It will be remembered that Alberta lost the series to U.B.C. in Vancouver last spring, U.B.C. taking the Dominion Championship for 1930-31. The coast team fields a strong aggregation, and should attract a large crowd here for an evening of sensational basketball. During their prairie tour they also play at Calgary, Raymond, Winnipeg and Saskatoon, arriving here the morning of January 9, for the final game. Accommodation has been secured at the Prince of Wales Armouries, with a seating capacity of nearly two thousand.

Use Athletic Tickets

It is also announced by the team management that students may use athletic tickets to secure rush seats, and may secure reserved seats for presentation of athletic tickets plus 25c. It would be a fine idea if we had a regular student section, to turn out and give the team a real hand.

This year U.B.C. are minus the services of the sensational Henderson, but are more than reinforced by the return of Wally Meyers. Meyers is reputed to be the finest forward in Canadian basketball, and drops them in consistently from any

JOURNAL CARRIER BOY

I'd sure be glad to leave the Journal in your Room.

15c a Week

Doug Shaw

Compliments of the Season to University Students

CRUCKSHANK'S
Exclusive Stores for Men

EL PATIO TEA ROOMS

"THE PLACE WHERE YOU GET GOOD FOOD AND ENJOY FINE DANCING"

Take pleasure in wishing the Faculty and Students of the University a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

El Patio is run in connection with THE

California Confectionery Co.

You can save 40-60% on Chocolates by getting your Christmas boxes at any of our stores.

10470 Whyte Avenue Phone 32372

BASKETBALL—Varsity vs. U.B.C.—Armouries—January 9, 1932

Handicapped by Loss of Gibson Varsity Bows to Bronks 4-2

Monday's Game Was Touch-and-Go Affair—Anybody's Game Until Finish—Hall Stars for Green and Gold

Varsity's Green and Gold squad suffered its second defeat of the southern tour when, minus the support of Gibson, they bowed their heads to the Calgary Bronks on Monday night to the score of 4-2. It was a tough break for Varsity to lose the services of Don Gibson, husky defence star. Don played amateur hockey in Seattle last winter and, according to C. A. H. A. regulations, is barred from playing amateur hockey in Canada for one season. Residence rules do not usually apply to college teams and it is hoped that Gibson will be allowed to finish the season with us.

Play Opens Fast

The play opened with a series of cyclone rushes, both teams playing hard and fast hockey. Varsity, however, had the edge in the first of the period and put themselves in the lead when Willans slipped a neat one past McDonald on a pass from Klassen. The play lagged somewhat towards the end of the first canto and no further scoring took place.

Second Period

The Bronks pressed hard at the start of the middle session and their efforts were rewarded when Johnson slipped a hard drive to the corner of the net that had Ross beaten. Three minutes later the Bronks forged ahead, Kenny going in to snap McLeod's rebound past Ross. The Bronks maintained their lead from then on.

Third Period

The Bronks appeared to have the game salted away shortly after the third period opened when Walshaw and Shriner combined for the neatest tally of the game. Walshaw went around the defence and slipped a dard of a pass to Shriner who placed the disc behind Ross in no uncertain way. The southerners then laid back, content to defend their 3-1 margin, but Freddie King came in fast, McDonald and beat that worthy gentleman with a neat flip. Towards the end of the period Tuft put the game on ice for the Bronks when he bulged the twine on his own rebound. The students came back hard in a desperate attempt to score but were unable to pierce the heavy Bronk defence. The game ended with Varsity on the slender end of a 4-2 count.

A FINE XMAS PRESENT

Dec. 14, 1931.
Editor, The Gateway,
University of Alberta.
Dear Sir,—We would like to express through your columns our thanks to Miss E. Bakewell, Honorary President of Women's Athletics. After our first game this season, Miss Bakewell presented the club with nine pairs of hockey gloves. We appreciate very much her generous gift.

Yours truly,
MARGARET E. CRAIG,
Mgr. of Ladies' Hockey.
MARY COGSWELL,
Captain.

JONES & CROSS, Ltd.
Wish you all
A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Garneau Service Station
Bill Reed's Place
Everything for the Car
General Repairing
TIRES, BATTERY SERVICE,
WASHING, SIMONIZING,
ALEMITING, VULCANIZING
86th Ave. & 109th St.
Phone 32796

Muckleston's
Beauty Parlor and Barber
Shop
10316 Jasper Ave. Phone 27651

Lister's
CAKES OF QUALITY
WE DELIVER
Phone 25204
107th St. and Jasper Ave.

Christmas Greetings to the Faculty and Students

MAY THE COMING HOLIDAY SEASON BE ONE OF JOY AND HAPPINESS TO ALL

ALF. BLYTH STUDIOS

Ground Floor, La Fleche Building
102nd STREET PHONES 25767-28416

WESTERN CANADA'S LARGEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE PHOTO STUDIOS

GIRLS' TEAM PLAY MONARCHS

Lose to Champions by Narrow Margin of 2-0—Playing Better Hockey Than Ever This Year

Women's hockey got away to a good start this year when the Varsity team came to a clash with their old friends the Monarchs on Tuesday, December 8th, at 8:30 p.m.

During the first period both teams managed to hold the other down so that it ended with a score of 0-0. Both teams were fighting hard and when the gong sounded for the second period both had their "teeth set" for the first goal. This honor went to the Monarchs. However, it was not without a struggle that they scored their second and final goal.

Barbara Burnett, on defence, did some nice rushing but found the Monarch's defence line just a little too much for her. Better luck next time, Barbara!

Mary Cogswell, Thea Agnew and Margaret Moore made a great combination on the forward line and did some nice playing. Marg Moore succeeded in smashing her little finger

DENTAL CLUB HOLDS MEETING

Dr. J. G. Roberts Addressed Dent Students on "Office and Patient Management"

The regular monthly meeting of the Dental club was held on Wednesday, December 2 at 4:30 in the Medical building.

After a short business discussion, Dr. J. G. Roberts addressed the members on "Office and Patient Management" which to the Seniors especially was found to be at this time very helpful. It has been the policy of the Dental club to have an over-town practitioner address each meeting.

The executive of the Dental club this year consists of Don Hawkins, president; Harold Turner, vice-president; Ernie Whitmore, secretary; Dave Nicol, second-year representative; Sam Riskin, Year Book representative and Tom Hawker, press representative.

Permanent and Finger Waving

Scientific Method that assures
satisfaction

Scona Beauty Parlor

10363 Whyte Ave. Phone 32845

N. H. Young's Xmas Sale

OF

QUALITY JEWELRY

UNEQUALLED VALUES IN
WATCHES, DIAMONDS,
SILVERWARE, JEWELRY,
NOVELTIES

Gifts to suit every purse

N. H. Young Ltd.

10164 101st Street

against the puck and great was the excitement thereof when she had to be rushed to the University hospital tout de suite for treatment. This was just one too many for Miss Bakewell (who is a real "backer" for our team this year, girls)—she decided then and there that it was high time for the women's hockey team to be getting hockey gloves. Accordingly this is to be her Christmas present to the girls. "Many thanks from us to you, Miss Bakewell."

And this ended the first game of the season. The next game is to be played against Jasper Place Rustlers. It promises to be a good game so we're hoping to see a good turn out.

BRONKS HAND 2-1 DEFEAT TO SOOPS

D. P. McDonald Stars for Bronks As They Win Close Game From Superiors

Calgary Bronks upset the dope when they defeated the famed Soops in the first of the intercity clashes last Saturday. Although the Calgarians went off the ice with one goal lead they were lucky to hold it during the last five minutes. The Soops' forwards were in on D. P. MacDonald's time after time in the last period but couldn't manage to get the tying marker.

Schriner scored first for Calgary in the first period when Stuart let a long one slip through his hand. Graham knotted the count in the second when he took Crossland's pass and went around D. P. for the goal. Luft got the winning tally in the third period when Stuart allowed the puck to slip through his fingers just over the goal line. On the play for the game the Soops did most of the attacking but the Bronks had too good a defensive system and were quick to take advantage of every break.

The man who did more than any other to win the game for the Soopers was the old Varsity goal keeper D. P. MacDonald.

KARL KOSIOR WINS WRESTLING TROPHY

Kosior Throws Opponent in Style to Capture Taylor Cup

Karl Kosior, lone entrant from the University Boxing and Wrestling club in the tournament in Memorial hall on December 4th, was declared winner of the cup donated by Jack Taylor for the best wrestler of the evening by the unanimous vote of the judges and referee. Jack Meehan of the Y. M. C. A. was the runner-up, but he showed a tendency to stall while in the ring and that counted heavily against him.

Karl gave his opponent no chance at all, as he threw him three times in the two minutes that the bout lasted. Two of the falls were off the mat, but there was no doubt as to who was the winner in any of the cases.

The bouts were, generally, very good, the boys were willing to mix it and so held the interest of the large crowd from the first. Some showed the lack of experience, but the fighting was clean throughout, and the referee, Dr. Dodds, is to be congratulated on the efficient way that he handled the bouts.

Another tournament will be held in the spring and a team from the university will be entered in both wrestling and boxing.

Karl will enter the provincial meet in the spring and we expect him a provincial title to add to his long list of victories. There will be lots of opposition as Mike Bilinsky's grunt-and-groan men are shaping up well and the Y. M. C. A. will also have a good team.

ARTISTS!

The new introductory pages to the faculty sections in the Year Book have to be designed. Anyone interested in this kind of work is requested to submit ideas in sketch form. The 1931-32 Evergreen and Gold needs your assistance!

Place sketches in the Year Book box (with your name), or get in touch with the Year Book staff.

EVERYTHING IN SPORTING GOODS

SEE

UNCLE BEN'S EXCHANGE

PHONE 2057

Cor. 102nd Ave. & 101st St.

FORTY-NINERS TURN BACK VARSITY 5-3

Dorsey Plays Well Against Old Team-mates—Kinnear and McConnell Good for Varsity

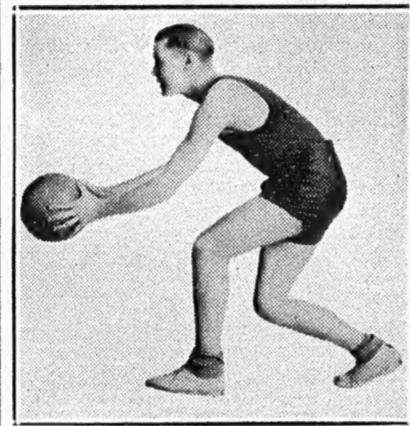
In spite of the fact that the pen is reputedly mightier than the sword the Forty-Niners took the Golden Bears 5-3 at Varsity rink on Thursday last.

The game was hardly up to the standard that had been set in previous senior league engagements this year. The students were slow in spots on the attack an inefficient in back-checking while the soldiers only in spots showed the form that they were press-agented to have.

Guy Kinnear and Jack McConnell were the only Varsity forwards to show any real class while Dorsey, Bowen and Kennedy did the bulk of the playing for the Forty-Ninth.

The overtown team was fast in

ADDIE STARS AGAIN



AD DONALDSON

Varsity jumping jack, who is going wildfire again this year. He starred against the Y the other night, and is in great shape for the B.C. invasion.

ELECTRICAL CLUB HEARS RADIO TALK

Mr. Jackson Spoke on "The Radio Studio and Control Room" Club Met on Dec. 7

The Electrical club, on the afternoon of December 7, was addressed by Mr. Jackson on the subject of "The Radio Studio and Control Room." Mr. Jackson's talk was illustrated by frequent references to our own station CKUA, and the stations of the National Broadcasting company in the States and, also, by means of a microphone, amplifier and loud speaker set up in front of the audience.

The requisites of a radio studio and control room are volume, reliability, quality and elimination of outside noises. As the speaker pointed out, the question of volume is now of secondary importance. Reliability is insured in the larger stations by having all the equipment in duplicate, while the quality of transmission in an up-to-date sending outfit is so good that manufacturers of receivers have been forced to equip their sets with devices to distort incoming signals to suit the listener's taste.

In connection with the elimination

STUDENTS HEAR OF COAL CONFERENCE

Dr. Stansfield Addresses Mining and Geological Society

The members of the Mining and Geological Society got a new and different slant on the workings of conferences last Friday afternoon, when Dr. Stansfield spoke on the Third International Bituminous Coal Conference, held at Pittsburgh, and at which he was one of the Canadian representatives.

In his opening remarks, Dr. Stansfield compared the workings of the Pittsburgh Conference which represented some 12 nations, and those of the World Power Conference where-in representatives from some 38 countries meet.

The Pittsburgh conference is sponsored by the Carnegie Institute of technology, and is primarily United States in its organization, although international in its attendance.

All the meetings were held this year in the C.I.T. Building in Pittsburgh. Over a thousand registered for it. A great many of these, though, were students from the Institute and the University. Canada was represented by ten members. None of the papers given this year were by Canadians.

The meeting was held simultaneously in four or five sections. As many as 18 papers were given in one afternoon. So it behooved the representatives to make a schedule to meet their requirements.

Mr. Stansfield stressed the value of the conference in its getting workers in the various phases of the industry together to meet socially as well as to exchange ideas.

Due to their number, Mr. Stansfield touched on only those papers and phases of the work which he felt would interest his audience. They were of great breadth, from the use of powdered coal in a modified Diesel engine—a mover which has been perfected by a German inventor—to the growth of plants as recorded by special moving picture apparatus. This latter was shown in a movie put on by the Koppers Coke Oven Company, and the pictures were taken on an experimental farm near Pittsburgh which they operate.

In closing, Mr. Stansfield spoke very highly of the good work done by the recently organized coal research laboratories in Pittsburgh. They were carrying on some excellent research in the field of pure science, although sponsored by some of the largest corporations in the country.

getting away in the few times that they did break loose and this ability to break fast was what won them the victory. Dooley Ross in the Varsity goal saved from both Bowen and Dorsey when they were clear in on him and held the score down in the first period. At the other end Howey had several narrow escapes from Kinnear and Tollington.

Cam Smith opened the scoring for the soldiers in the first period only to have Kinnear even it up a few minutes later. Gillies got two in the second and Kennedy one to put the Forty-Niners three more to the good and McConnell took a pass from Hall for the only Varsity goal of this frame. In the third Hall went in alone for the Varsity tally and Dorsey scored for the Forty-Niners.

Varsity: Ross, Hall, Gibson, King, Kinnear, Tollington, Klassen, McConnell, Willans.

Forty-Ninth: Howey, Smith, Dame, Dorsey, Bowen, Kennedy, Zuckett, Gillies.

Referee: Clarence Campbell.

Hockey Talk

By R. Moir

The Green and Gold is far from being a sensation in the league so far this season but there is still time for the boys to do a lot of damage to the other teams. Although the loss of Gibson will be felt keenly the squad should be strengthened after Christmas by the addition of Gardner and Dunlap.

The boys were outplayed by the Forty-Ninth when the soldiers beat them but the losses to both the Calgary teams seemed to be of the hard luck variety. According to Harry Scott of the Albertan the northerners had all the best of the play in the game with the Maroons and deserved to win it.

On Monday night the loss of Gibson made it tough for the team and they did well to hold the powerful Bronks to a 4-2 score. King and Willans broke into the scoring columns for the first time in the latter game.

The Calgarians were astounded by the defence play of Al Hall and he is regarded in the south as the finest player that they have seen in years. Al must have been going particularly well to get praise like that from the Calgary papers.

The loss of Gibson in the Bronks game was no help to the team. Apparently Mr. Lynch of the Alberta Hockey association wired the east for

of outside noises, Mr. Jackson mentioned the trouble encountered by CKUA from the evening mail plane flying over the studio.

The component parts of the studio, microphones, mixing panel, amplifier and line board were then considered and the construction and operation of each discussed in some detail.

Mr. Jackson deserves credit for a well prepared, well delivered talk. It is to be hoped soon to hear from him or some other well-qualified speaker on the natural sequel to his talk, the transmitter itself.

FORTY-NINERS DOWN U.A. INTERMEDIATES

Austin, McConnell, Burgess, Cruickshank and Gordon Star When Varsity Loses

Varsity's fighting Intermediate sextet bowed to defeat 4-1 before the attack of the Forty-niners on Monday evening at the Arena. At the same time the Namao Miners blasted the hopes of the Swifts' team to place them in first position with three wins and no losses.

The Green and Gold gang were at a disadvantage, several players being unable to play because of Christmas tests, and the Miners made the best of a golden opportunity to romp off with a well earned victory.

Play during the first period was fast, both teams displaying a flashy brand of hockey. With five minutes to go in the first stanza, Lammie put the battalion boys in front with a nifty solo dash through the Varsity ranks.

In the second period McConnell, Alberta forward, stick-handled through almost the entire soldier team, and squared things away with

a ruling on Gibson's case and was instructed to keep him out of the game. Although the rules of the Hockey association provide that no player can play in Canada for year after he returns from the States it is usual to suspend these rulings in the case of college students.

George MacIntosh, president of the local association, states that Gibson will probably be allowed to play and the authorities are working on the case now. The trouble arises out of the fact that Gibson played in the Seattle Amateur league last season.

Kennedy of the Forty-Ninth battalion is another player that will be suspended for this season by the ruling.

The intermediate team has had better luck than the seniors. They have won one out of their three starts so far this season but their last loss to the Forty-Ninth was probably due to the fact that four of the regulars were absent from the line-up.

So far the intermediates have lost to the Miners 5-3. Won from the Navy 5-1 and lost to the Forty-Ninth 4-1.

a sizzling shot from the blue line. Play was hot and furious until towards the dying minutes of the second game, Joe Berg took a pass from Lane and netted the Forty-Niners' second counter.

In the final period, after a mix-up in front of Varsity's goal, Lard batted the disc into the net to set the opposition two up. The final tally comes after 10 minutes of scintillating play, when Berg and Taylor combined for a nifty goal, Berg netting the marker.

Eric Austin, Burgess, Bobby Cruickshank and Pete Gordon were outstanding for Varsity, while Taylor, Walker and Young shone for the soldier outfit.

INTERMEDIATE LEAGUE STANDING

	P.	W.	L.	T.	A.	A.	P.
Namao Miners	3	3	0	0	12	4	6
Burns	3	2	0	1	6	3	5
Forty-Niners	2	1	0	1	6	3	3
Varsity	3	1	2	0	6	5	3
Swifts	2	0	2	0	1	6	0
Navy	3	0	3	0	2	10	0

FOR BEST SERVICE

CALL

SCONA TRANSFER

L. A. Shean, Prop.

Phone 31703

10558 79th Avenue

Steen's Drug Store

(Your Local Druggists)

10912 88th Avenue

We have a very nice stock of Xmas Gift items, Xmas Cards, Pens, Desk Sets, Cameras, Perfumes, Toilet Sets, Military Brushes, Rolls Razors, Stationery, Shaving Sets, Chocolates, Albums, Cigars, Cigarettes, etc.
Your orders will be appreciated.

PHONE 31456

FLOWERS

The Ideal Christmas Gift

A choice selection of Cut Flowers and Potted Plants suitable for this festive occasion.

ORDER EARLY

EDMONTON FLOWER SHOP

PHONE 21739

When Exams Are Over Christmas Shopping Days Begin!

Many of your Varsity students will be going home for Christmas. Three memorable months have passed, and home folks will welcome you home for a joyous Yuletide!

What to give father, mother, sisters, brothers, boy friends and girls friends are the next big problems to be solved.

Here, at Johnstone Walker's, you will find hundreds of gifts that are UNIQUE and PLEASING—moderately priced and attractively boxed, ready for presentation.

GIFTS FOR DAD, BROTHER, RELATIVE OR FRIEND

LOUNGING ROBES of novelty silks, fine wool fabrics and Beacon cloths. Priced at \$4.95 to \$20.00

JAEGER FINE WOOL VESTS. Priced at \$6.00

JAEGER FINE ALL WOOL FELT SLIPPERS at \$2.50

ROMEO AND EVERETTE BLACK OR BROWN KID SLIPPERS. Priced at \$2.45 to \$2.95

PACKARD FINE QUALITY KID SLIPPERS, in black, brown. Priced at \$1.65 to \$2.95

FINE QUALITY SHIRTS in "Forsyth," "Arrow" and "Graham" makes, of fine broadcloths, sepiys and Luvica. Priced at \$1.95 to \$5.00

GIFT NECKTIES of plain and novelty silks, in newest design, in rich color-blendings. Priced at 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50

DRESSY LINED AND UNLINED GLOVES of fine quality capeskin, deer-skin, chamois and suede finished leathers. Priced at \$1.00 to \$5.00

SCARFS of fine wool fabrics and novelty imported silks, in large square styles. Priced at \$1.00 to \$5.00

PIJAMAS in Forsyth and Graham makes, of fine quality flannelette, Wincoy broadcloths and Rayon fabrics. Priced at \$1.95 to \$8.00

GIFTS FOR MOTHER, SISTER, RELATIVE OR FRIEND

PRINTED ALL-SILK CREPE KIMONAS in gorgeous colorings. Priced at \$10.95 and \$12.95

"EMPRESS" ALL WOOL BLANKET trimmed with satin. Priced at \$10.00

BATHROBES in lovely plain shades, SOFT FLEECY BLANKET CLOTH OR BEACON OMBRE BATHROBES, in large novelty designs. Priced at \$2.95 to \$6.95

COSY WARM TWO-PIECE PYJAMAS, in stamped floral and novelty patterns. Priced at \$2.95

RAYON SILK PYJAMAS in one and two-piece styles in solid colors and striking combination-contrasts. Priced at \$2.95

DAINTY RAYON SILK COMBINATIONS in peach, apricot and eggshell. Priced at \$1.95

LACE-TRIMMED STEP-IN PANTIES of fine quality non-run Rayon, in peach, apricot and eggshell. Priced at \$1.50

HANDEAUX to match at49c

DEPENDABLE GIFT HOSIERY of fine silk, chiffon and grenadine, in different weights and new shades. Priced at \$1.00 to \$1.95

GIFT GLOVES of fine quality chamois-ette, capeskin and French kid in all the newest styles and shades. Priced at \$1.00 to \$3.00

SCARFS in oblong squares and Ascot styles, of extra fine quality crepe de chine in pleasing new designs and color combinations at95c to \$2.95



STRATHCONA HIGH SCHOOL

Alumni Ball

WILL BE HELD IN

The New Masonic Temple

DECEMBER 26—9 to 12 p.m.

Tickets obtainable at the Tuck shop, or Brock Duncan, Harold Hurdle, Ruth Fry, Erma Burkholder.

Open to all—\$1.50 per couple

A FRIENDLY CHAT FROM CAT TO CAT

By Ann Zatsat

We've taken so many pills, medicines, cough drops, salves, tablets and hot lemonades for our cold that when the boy friend gives us chocolates for Christmas we'll be a walking drug store.

Breathless tale of Freshette at Christmas: "Oh, mother the most exciting boys! I can hardly wait to get back."

Bored drawl of same Freshette in May: "Oh, rather an average lot of men—I suppose they're doing their best."

These exams are such a nightmare to us that we wish we hadn't dreamed away the whole fall.

We hear a lot about Sunshine at Christmas but we'll bet the moonshine won't be lacking.

Some claim that Genesis is the beginning of romance but we know it's the Pembina banquet.

There are so many colds around that these lectures are getting to be just one long snuffle after another.

Christmas time when: 1st yr. House Ecceers go home full of good resolutions about the meals they're going to cook for the family.

2nd yr. House Ecceers are just going to prove that what they said last summer was right.

3rd yr. House Ecceers are going to squirm out of all the household duties possible.

4th yr. House Ecceers go home to make up for lost sleep and catch up on next term's.

There will not be a Gateway during the holidays in spite of the hopes of all the Scotch students.

We wouldn't mind graduating at Christmas much if they'd only roll our letter up and put a ribbon around it.

And if this coin stands on edge we'll keep all those New Year's resolutions—step on it somebody.

Well, darling, what did you learn at school this term? Oh, Mamma! the boys wear the funniest things—they call them moustaches.

If we pass all these exams we'll pay our Tuck bill, spot cash. Wonder how long our credit will last.

And we're not going to open one teeny weeny parcel, not even break the paper, before Christmas—well, maybe one.

Studying is all right in its place but its place is not in the home—it should be far, far away.

The Christmas spirits will wax high and the next morning our spirits will slide low.

Those inter-year plays surely were interesting—now we know just exactly who go with our best enemies and our worst friends. We were wondering.

Sh! Don't tell Santa Claus about the depression. In fact, leave out an extra large slice of cake just to fool him.

We might mention to the engineers that spats are all right in most circumstances but they won't keep presents from falling through their socks Christmas eve.

Our pictures might do for Christmas presents but it seems a shame to spoil anyone's appetite, especially at this time of year.

We wonder how long it will take to rest up after these holidays—hope we wake up in time for the Mid-winter.

Well, off we go to impress our family with what we learned this fall and try to get our allowances raised. So-long.

Meow! Meow!—meaning: Merry Christmas! Happy New Year!

CUPID CONNECTS CUNNING COUPLES

Pembinites Draw for Partners
From Athabasca and Assiniboia
Merrymaking Universal at
Pembina Banquet

Who did you get for the Christmas banquet? was the question of paramount interest to women students in Pembina hall last week. It seemed even more vital than Christmas exams.

The Christmas banquet is an annual function to which only resident students of Pembina, Athabasca and Assiniboia are invited. Because the men are so strongly in the majority it has been the custom, the last two years for their names to be sent over to Pembina, written on folded paper and the co-eds draw their partners by lot, or as it is usually expressed "pulling their partner out of a hat!"

There is always a great deal of fun as well as curiosity when Pembinites try their luck. One might guess, too, how anxiously the men ask, "Who got me?"

The banquet was held in Athabasca hall at 6:30 on Saturday evening. Guests included the Honorable Perren Baker and Mrs. Baker, President R. C. Wallace and Mrs. Wallace, Dr. and Mrs. J. M. MacEachran, Dean and Mrs. W. A. R. Kerr, Dean and Mrs. J. A. Weir, Dean and Mrs. J. Wilson, Dean and Mrs. E. A. Howes, Miss Florence E. Dodd, Mr. A. West, Dr. Nichols, Dr. Boomer, Dr. E. S. Keeping, Mrs. Ferguson, Miss Mabel Patrick, Miss Ruth Eager and Mr. Ted Manning.

Mr. James Hunter acted as toastmaster. The toast to the province was given by Miss Mary Joffe, responded to by the Hon. Perren Baker; to the ladies by Jack Chalmers with Miss Priscilla Hammond responding; to the university by Mr. Ted Manning with Dean Kerr responding. Mr. Jack Chalmers played impromptu piano selections.

A decorated Christmas tree with candles and poinsettias and branches of evergreen were used to lend an atmosphere of Christmas color and jollity. Dancing to the tune of the well-known Varsity orchestra ended the evening's celebrations.

CKUA BROADCASTS SPECIAL PROGRAMS

Varsity Variety Continues Fine
Performance—Holidays Pro-
grams Scheduled

Although you have seen no account of Varsity Variety programs in the paper for three weeks, yet if you have been listening in every Friday evening at the usual hour, you will know that the programs are still going over big.

Each class, with the exception of the Senior class, has contributed two programs this season. The programs have consisted of musical numbers rendered by talented young artists and interesting news flashes given by the announcer.

There are some programs of special interest for the holiday season.

On Sunday afternoon, Oct. 20, Mr. Nichol will give an organ recital. This recital will be chained on CKUA and CKLC.

Dr. Collins of the department of history will continue his talks on Russia. On December 21 his topic will be "The Peasant and the Soil" and on December 28 he will speak on "The New Society."

At 4:00 p. m., December 28 a play is to be presented by the studio players. A new system of technique is to be employed in the broadcasting of this play. The players will broadcast from the studio but the musical background will be furnished by an organist in Convocation hall.

The Dickens' Fellowship players are to give a guest performance of "The Chimes" on December 28 at 8:30. This program will take the place of the regular Farmer's program as a special treat for country people.

Various programs of Christmas music will be presented during the holiday. The station will not operate on Christmas day but on New Year's day a full program of special features will be broadcast. The concert given by the Red Chevron club at the Red Cross Hut will conclude this program.

W. D. McFarlane Reviews Knowledge of Nutrition

Speaker Points Out Important Part Played by Diet in Maintenance of Health Proves Very Interesting

"Facts and Fads in Food" featured the last meeting of the Philosophical society when Mr. W. D. McFarlane presented a thorough review of our present knowledge of nutrition. The growth of biochemistry in the last century has added materially to the store of information on vital processes and there has been a vast change in the treatment of the commonplace business of eating. The speaker indicated that diet plays an important part in the maintenance of health and proper eating will frequently prevent illness.

Mr. McFarlane decried the commercial exploitation of notable scientific discoveries which frequently amounts to quackery of the most pernicious form. This feature was illustrated by a selection of examples which culminated in the application of ultra violet irradiation and ozonization to laundered articles.

The present state of our knowledge of an adequate diet has been built on a firm foundation of experiment and observation, which has indicated that fats, proteins, carbohydrates are necessary to provide the energy required for physical work, Water, inorganic elements and the vitamins do not contribute directly but are necessary in order that the other foods may be available for metabolism.

The speaker proceeded to discuss the importance of vitamins in diet. In this country vitamins B and C are not usually deficient but the effects of a lack of these substances in growth was fully illustrated. The metabolism of vitamins is not well known but their influence has been carefully studied and as a conclusion it has been shown that vitamin D is essential to the proper growth of the bones and teeth which also require calcium phosphate in appreciable quantities. This valuable substance is found in cod liver oil and dairy products while ultra violet light, natural or artificial, seems to promote its activity.

Vitamin A, found in similar materials and also in the carotin pigment of carrots, does not play such a dramatic part but it may have a bearing upon such common ailments as colds and sore throats. Calcium, iron and iodine are the three most important inorganic elements in diet and Mr. McFarlane stressed the point that an adequate supply of these elements at birth was much more important than in later life. Iodine therapy is almost useless on people who have stopped growing which seems to destroy another general idea on the value of iodine.

In conclusion it was stated that diet is intimately concerned with the human nervous system and may be

vitaly important in the regulation of nervous disorders. Too much stress has been laid upon the necessity of vitamins in the adult diet and as a result too many fads have flourished at the expense of people who are ignorant of the real facts. A mixed diet containing plenty of raw foods and fresh living foods was recommended as the safest solution of modern food problems.

Use "Spalding" Athletic Goods
"The Choice of Champions"

Marshall-Wellis Alberta Co.,
Limited
EDMONTON, ALBERTA

Garneau Shoe Repair

Expert Workmanship
Reasonable Prices

10928 88 Ave.

On the way to the carline

Send Flowers
Home
for Christmas

Fresh Cut Flowers and
Choice Blooming Plants de-
livered anywhere.

WALTER RAMSAY

LIMITED

B'ks Building
Edmonton

The C.O.T.C. A Classic Heritage

(Dalhousie Gazette)

In view of the present controversy surrounding the COTC the Editor has seen fit to appoint a special investigator into and about that institution. The report of the investigator has been tabled. It is far too exhaustive for publication, so the Editor ventures to presents only a few parts.

Contrary to prevailing opinion the OTC is an institution of long standing in human society. It is now established beyond dispute that the Heidelberg Man was an active member of one of the first OTC's in existence. Moreover, all the great nations of the world have had OTC's with the exception of Persia and Siam. In the former country a clause banning the OTC was inserted in the roll of the laws by a pacifist scribe and the decree was signed by King Darius when he was in his cups. The law of the Medes and Persians being immutable, this unfortunate provision cannot be removed. In Siam the King is reputed to have ruined the budding organization by the annual endowment of a herd of white elephants. Members of the COTC to this day wear a white band in loving memory. It is also reported that the art of goat-stealing was developed in the days of history under the auspices of the Arabian OTC. The interesting fact has come to light that the dove of the olive-branch fame was dispatched from the Ark at the instigation of the Noah Company OTC, the only one in existence at that time. An eminent historian of the time quotes Moses as saying that with an efficient OTC he could have made the Promised Land in six weeks. The first tablet of the original manuscript of Homer's immortal epic, the Odyssey, recently discovered in the publisher's waste-stone chasm, bears the original title of the poem, the OTC. The error is indubitably due to subtle pacifist propaganda. Later the Greek OTC distinguished itself against the Persians who, as we have seen, were not permitted this ingenious system. Hannibal, one of the finest specimens the OTC ever turned out, was ever mindful of the early training he received through it. One of the war elephants which he led across the Alps was named OTC. The elephant unfortunately died in the mountain snows, but Hannibal, not to be deterred, decreed that the nearby peak should be named OTC, and such it has remained all these years in the Swiss corruption Matterhorn. The Romans would never have gained a footing in Britain had not the Celt OTC been engaged in sham battle with the Pict OTC at Stonehenge. One of the most potent oaths ever used by Richard Coeur de Leon was "By my OTC." An outstanding Barbary Corsair is authority for the statement that nobody could pull a galley like the OTC. The forefather of all American OTC's was organized in Oklahoma by the Kiwash Indians and proved an outstanding success. An unidentified person, the first American prohibitionist in Central Africa, was eaten by a native OTC at the annual smoker.

The Editor regrets that space does not permit the inclusion of more of these interesting facts. He believes, however, that enough has been quoted to convey the idea of the glorious past of this gallant organization. In case there should still be doubters he appends the following quotations which appear in the report:

ADMIRAL LORD NELSON—England expects every man to join the COTC.

CARRIE NATION—Down with the saloons! We shall use the COTC if

necessary.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON (telescope to blind eye)—I cannot see anything inconsistent in the COTC in Dalhousie.

PATRICK HENRY—Give me COTC or give me death.

TUBAL CAIN—I owe my start in business to the OTC.

CAROL I. OF RUMANIA—I don't want to go home. I prefer to remain in the COTC.

R. B. BENNETT—Markets! I shall blast them open with the COTC.

J. H. THOMAS—The COTC is 'um-bug.

CHIC SALE—Efficiency is everything. Drill in the COTC.

PRESIDEN HOOVER—I shall appoint a commission of enquiry.

MACKENZIE KING—I am plunged in the valley of humiliation. Not a five cent piece for COTC.

WOODROW WILSON—It will make the world safe for hypocrisy.

TARZAN OF THE APES—I have found COTC methods very effective for organizing my apes.

MAJOR McCLEAVE—I am proud of the institution in which I hold an honorary commission.

Errata—Further information obtainable at HQ of COTC.

Oscar (preparing to depart): "Well, old man, I must be off."

Hector: "Yes, that's what I thought the first time I met you."

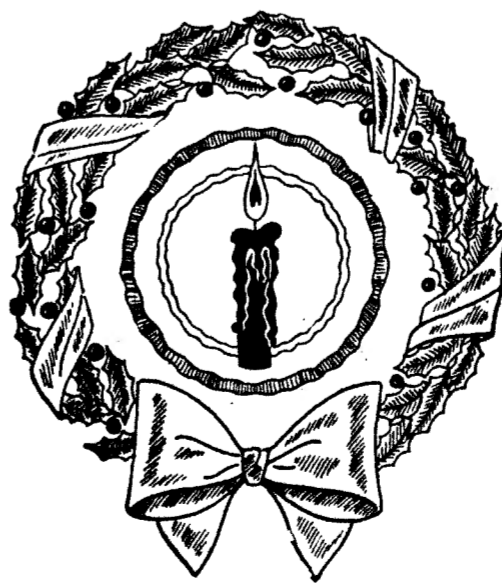
"Are you sure he was intoxicated?"

"No, sir, but he brought home a manhole cover and tried to play it on the gramophone; it looks a little suspicious."

"There ain't no flies on me," retorted the Scotch aviator as he refused to give a free flight.

Hudson's Bay Company

Edmonton's Big Friendly Store



SEAL OF QUALITY
CHRISTMAS GIFTS
FOR EVERYONE—

All in very
Attractive Gift Boxes

Country Trips 24-hour Service
PHONE 25337
McFARLANE'S
50-CENT TAXI
FRANK McFARLANE, Prop.
10721 Jasper Ave., Edmonton

NOTICE

The Public Drug Store competition is under way now. The coupon in last week's Gateway should be clipped now and handed in to the store.

A Merry Christmas to all THE COSMO' TAILORS

Telephone 24041 10218 101st Street, Edmonton

Jackson Bros.

DEALERS IN
DIAMONDS, WATCHES, SILVERWARE, JEWELRY
For the thorough repair of Watches and Jewelry we cannot be excelled
9962 Jasper Ave.

THE UNIVERSITY STUDIO

REOPENS FOR YEAR BOOK PHOTOS ON

JANUARY 4th, 1932

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL



May We Wish You
A Merry Christmas
and a
Prosperous New Year.

T. EATON CO. LIMITED
EDMONTON CANADA